

The COMPLETE CRUMB

COMICS

VOLUME 10
CRUMB
ADVOCATES
**VIOLENT
OVERTHROW!**

"A REVOLUTION
IS NOT A TEA
PARTY."
— CHAIRMAN
MAO TSE TUNG

TROUBLE IN
PARADISE FOR THE
ROBBER BARONS!



The next morning, Weaver, bleary-eyed and short-tempered, started in again on Robert. They were now shouting at one another and, quite frankly, for the old man to shout is a rare thing indeed; in other words, he too was pushed to his limits. At some point during this bizarre confabulation Pop sort of involuntarily took a step toward Weaver who automatically went into some kind of pit-bull commando attack stance, like he was gonna stomp the old man, who ain't no marine; everybody froze up. Dana must have figured that some line had been crossed, that the situation was now out of control, because she called the law.

Now, into the midst of the fray arrives this young country sheriff, who really tried to handle the situation. But it was too late, Weaver could not be assuaged, and so the sheriff put the cuffs on him and asked him his name. "I AM LORD GOD SATAN!" Weaver bellowed, his voice booming and cracking. Instantly, the sheriff put the super-duper-deluxe law-enforcement nerve-pinch to him. The two of them grunted and wrassled toward the door, Weaver screaming expletives, pulling amazing carnal verbs and adjectives out of the ether. DISTINCTLY "resisting arrest," he had his feet out in front of him, and as he was pushed forward, he knocked over furniture and bunched up the carpets. Finally, as a last-ditch effort, he threw his feet up against the doorjamb, so the sheriff had to work him out the door, grunting and laboring at the task, then BAM! "Satan" kicked the screen door clean off one of its hinges. He was put in the clink, Pop and I rode the "dawg" for nine hours to Dixon. So much for the "flower children."

This is the type of thing that was going on all the time while Robert worked on the material appearing in this book.

*—from the introduction
by Jesse Crumb*



Aline Kominsky and R. Crumb, 1975.

THE COMPLETE GRUMB

THE COMPLETE CRUMB

VOLUME 10

**CRUMB
ADVOCATES
VIOLENT
OVERTHROW**

Edited by Mark Thompson with Gary Groth

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

PANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS
7563 Lake City Way NE
Seattle, WA 98115

Editorial coordination and art direction by Mark Thompson
Design by Dale Crain
Color separations through Oceanic Graphic Printing
Published by Gary Groth and Kim Thompson
Special thanks to Charles Roucher, Eric Sack, Don Plene,
Terry Zwigoff, Jay Lynch, Dana Crumb and Scott Semans

Morse's Funnies was a one-copy comic made for attorney Albert Morse by cartoonists he represented.
Laughing Gas published by And/Or Press; the first edition had Crumb art on the back and in color.
The members of the Cheap Suit Serenaders (as seen on page 8) are Terry Zwigoff, R. Crumb, Al Dodge & Bob Armstrong.
Arcade, Zap and Zap #7.8 published by Print Mini
Young Lust #4 published by Print Mini in cooperation with Cartoonist Co-op Press.
Apex Treasury of Underground Comics published by Links Books
Dirty Laundry #1 published by Last Gasp Eco-Funnies.
Nard 'n' Pat #1 published by Cartoonist Co-op Press (later printings by Kitchen Sink).
Felch Cumix #1 originally published by Keith Green.
Coyote Growls: The Newsletter of a Loose Woman's Organization published by C.O.Y.O.T.E., Street-Walker's Union, San Francisco.
Anthology of Slow Death published by Wingbow Press (Wingnu/Last Gasp).

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7563 Lake City Way NE Seattle, WA 98115

First Fantagraphics Books edition: March 1994
Second Fantagraphics Books edition: November 1997

ISBN (soft): 1-56097-138-X
ISBN (hard): 1-56097-137-1

Printed in Hong Kong

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Ken Weaver in Potter Valley, circa 1974.



*Jesse Crumb,
circa 1975,
eight years old.*



Arcade meeting at the Print Mint, Berkeley, CA. Left to right, front row: Don Schenker (original owner of the Print Mint), Aline Kominsky (not yet Kominsky-Crumb), Gilbert Shelton, Peggy Rita (she and her husband were just in the process of taking over the business from Don Schenker), Spain Rodriguez, Willy Murphy. Back row: Robert Armstrong, Diane Noomin, George Kuchar, Michael McMillan, Bill Griffith, S. Clay Wilson, R. Crumb, Bob Rita, Justin Green, James Osborne.

INTRODUCTION

Ah, yes, the early '70s... good lord... choke! What a weird time — a strange amalgamation of a '60s-era “youth in rebellion” social scene, rock concerts, crash pads, gurus, acid, suddenly forced to cope with the hard-edged political realities of the '70s: Nixon, Watergate, the end of Vietnam, and the first OPEC price hikes. It seems to me that these contradictory elements helped to create a subtle tension, an underlying anxiety that promoted a general social confusion: feminists, panthers, and back-to-the-landers... The Big Schism. There still existed a general affiliation amongst those on the fringe, the “counterculture,” but the connection was looser.

I think the situation was already deteriorating by the early '70s. There was a brief fluctuation about '72, when the back-to-the-land trip was at its peak, but this also began to disintegrate rapidly, and by '75-'76 was sliding into the permanent funk that is now contemporary American society. Of course, I'm talking about the fringe here (circa 1975), and typically, when a system begins to break down, the least stable elements are the first to suffer the consequences; the turmoil was definitely reflected in the then-current scene. As a young boy in the mid-'70s, I remember that time as the beginning of a change in the social tone, as it were. Some elusive ingredient was suddenly absent; the goofy humor, the relatively unself-conscious “communal” arrangements, the original “underground” comics, were all adversely affected. 1975 marks the beginning of the end to what John Fowles called “...the old green freedom.”

It seems to me that people were beginning to be more “uptight” in the mid-'70s... Folks were hiding out, holed up, still lightly political (mostly “local” politics), and occasionally casting aspersions at the “establishment.” And, yes, the old man was right in there, sort of limply challenging the system. Sorry, but it's the sad truth, and — oh man — did he bite off more than he could chew!

So what am I talking about? In 1975, the old man drew a littleditty entitled “Frosty the Snowman” which appeared in *Arcade* #4 and consists of Frosty and two comrades setting out to fire-bomb the “Rockefeller” Mansion, and succeeding in doing so.

Uh... So what, right?

Well, it's been privately (until now, that is) speculated that the “Frosty” strip was at least partly responsible for the R. Crumb vs. the I.R.S. debacle. No real “proof,” of course, and yet more than mere paranoia prompts such speculation. I mean, think about it: Pop “advocates” violence against established American plutocrats and within a year is embroiled in a vicious fight with a group of unreasonable and unwavering bureaucrats. For example, according to the old man, at one point early in the game, he showed up to talk to some “agents” and was confronted with a file three inches thick. They knew EVERYTHING! Bastards! Pop tried to squeak out a little protest and they fuckin' squashed him, fast. It cost the old man dearly, he was forced to part with most of his great collectibles and original artwork for a pittance, plus add to that a big chunk of sanity. And then — when he and Aline had finally raised the dough — the I.R.S.

declared them in a higher income bracket and demanded more of the folding green! This was, it appears to me, a “dirty trick,” a concerted effort to “punish” counter-culture “spokesman” R. Crumb.

The point is, people were nervous. Pop's said it before and I concur, there was a systematic attack on the “counter-culture” by the Powers That Be, and quite frankly THEY were very successful, very god-damned efficient, and their methodical campaign simply intensified existing divisions amongst those on the Fringe.

Did this situation have an effect on the spirit of the old man's work? Absolutely. Crazy situations would somehow be reflected in the work, if only because his sense of humor was strained. But of course it wasn't that simple. Social relations on a personal level were, for many, strained during the mid-'70s and the old man was not exempt, suffering a virtual flurry of ugly little scenarios — for instance one of the many Ken Weaver fiascos.

Ah, yes — the unforgettable Ken Weaver, a standout character in the colorful pantheon of interesting individuals that paraded through Pop's life and mine. Almost universally referred to as “Weaver” or perhaps “The Weaver,” as in “The Man” or “The People,” terms from

BY JESSE CRUMB

the hip argot which attempted to define a group, element, or thing with sinister under-tones. Actually, Weaver wasn't all bad, he had to swim in the same water we all did, but Weaver's brand of “humor” always seemed to conjure up different definitions: aberration, dementia, frenzy, raving, delirium, hallucination, lycanthropy... Anyway, something more maniacal than your average intellectual hipster. He was an original Texas hippiebilly *cum* rock star, biker, zoo-keeper, all-manner-of-odd-jobs — including temporarily-born-again — and still later, author (*Texas Crude*, a truly great work, check it out!). Probably his most famous role, however, was that of co-founder and member of the Fugs. In his own words, “...He helped form a group of talented crazies into an undisciplined amoralist cadre...”

After the Fugs “supernovaed,” Weaver, via a circuitous route, ended up in San Francisco, where, according to legend, he promptly availed himself of the hospitality of ex-girlfriend Betsy Klein and her roommate... The Bunch.

Aline knew Weaver from her days as a young rebel and groupie of the Fugs in New York, and later as an art student in Tucson, and now a burned-out Weaver was crashing on her sofa in S.F. And this, consequently, is where my mother, Dana, first came to know him.

Eventually, Aline and Weaver both had their own trailers on the "farm" (the "Eel-Riviera") in Potter Valley and yet, when the dust cleared, after the Final Straw, the big exodus, after Pop and Aline were gone (as well as a few others), Weaver remained. The Big Migration occurred, for the most part, in '74 (Popsplit in July '74) and by this point communication between my parents had deteriorated badly, but Pop was trying to do the right thing, and so it was in '75 that I was to go with him to his and Aline's place in Dixon.

The Old Man (R. Crumb to you, pal) came out to the Potter place in order to accompany me on the Greyhound to Dixon. When he arrived the night before we were to leave, the situation was very tense. All those concerned were very uptight, Weaver was already relatively ill-equipped to deal with such a scene, and he had probably been whipped into a frenzy by Dana's fear and hatred of Robert. So he started right off by laying into the old man, berating him mercilessly into the wee hours. Finally everyone retired, but not Weaver, he fumed and paced about all night, harassing Dana, swilling beer after beer, and becoming more and more irritable and explosive.

The next morning, Weaver, bleary-eyed and short-tempered, started in again on Robert. They were now shouting at one another and, quite frankly, for the old man to shout is a rare thing indeed; he too was pushed to his limits. At some point during this bizarre confabulation Pop sort of involuntarily took a step toward Weaver, who automatically went into some kind of pit-bull commando attack stance, like he was gonna stomp the old man, who ain't no marine. Everybody froze up; Dana must have figured that some line had been crossed, that the situation was now out of control, because she called the law.

Now into the midst of the fray arrives this young country sheriff, who really tried to handle the situation; but it was too late, Weaver could not be assuaged, and so the sheriff put the cuffs on him and asked him his name. "I AM LORD GOD SATAN!" Weaver bel-lowed, his voice booming and cracking. Instantly the sheriff put the super-duper-deluxe law-enforcement nerve-pinch to him. The two of them grunted and wrassled toward the door, Weaver screaming expletives, pulling amazing carnal verbs and adjectives out of the ether. DISTINCTLY "resisting arrest," he had his feet out in front of him, and he was pushed forward, he knocked over furniture and bunched up the carpets. Finally, as a last-ditch effort, he threw his feet up against the door-jambs so the sheriff had to work him out the door, grunting and laboring at the task, then BAM! "Satan" kicked the screen door clean off one of its hinges. He was put in the clink. Pop and I rode the "dawg" for nine hours to Dixon. So much for the "flower children."

This is the type of thing that was going on all the time while Robert worked on the material appearing in this book. Jeezis. Oh, well, most of 'em made it, more or less, by exchanging their so-called values for charge-cards and self-aggrandizing power positions in businesses profiting from the merchandising of the "counter-culture," consumed *en masse* by culturally bankrupt "thirteeners" and nostalgic, hand-wringing "Boomers." It's never been the same, and never will be again, I'm sorry if you disagree, but hey! If you don't like it, in the words of Ken Weaver, "Take a flyin' fuck at a rollin' doughnut!"

"Have a nice day." ☺

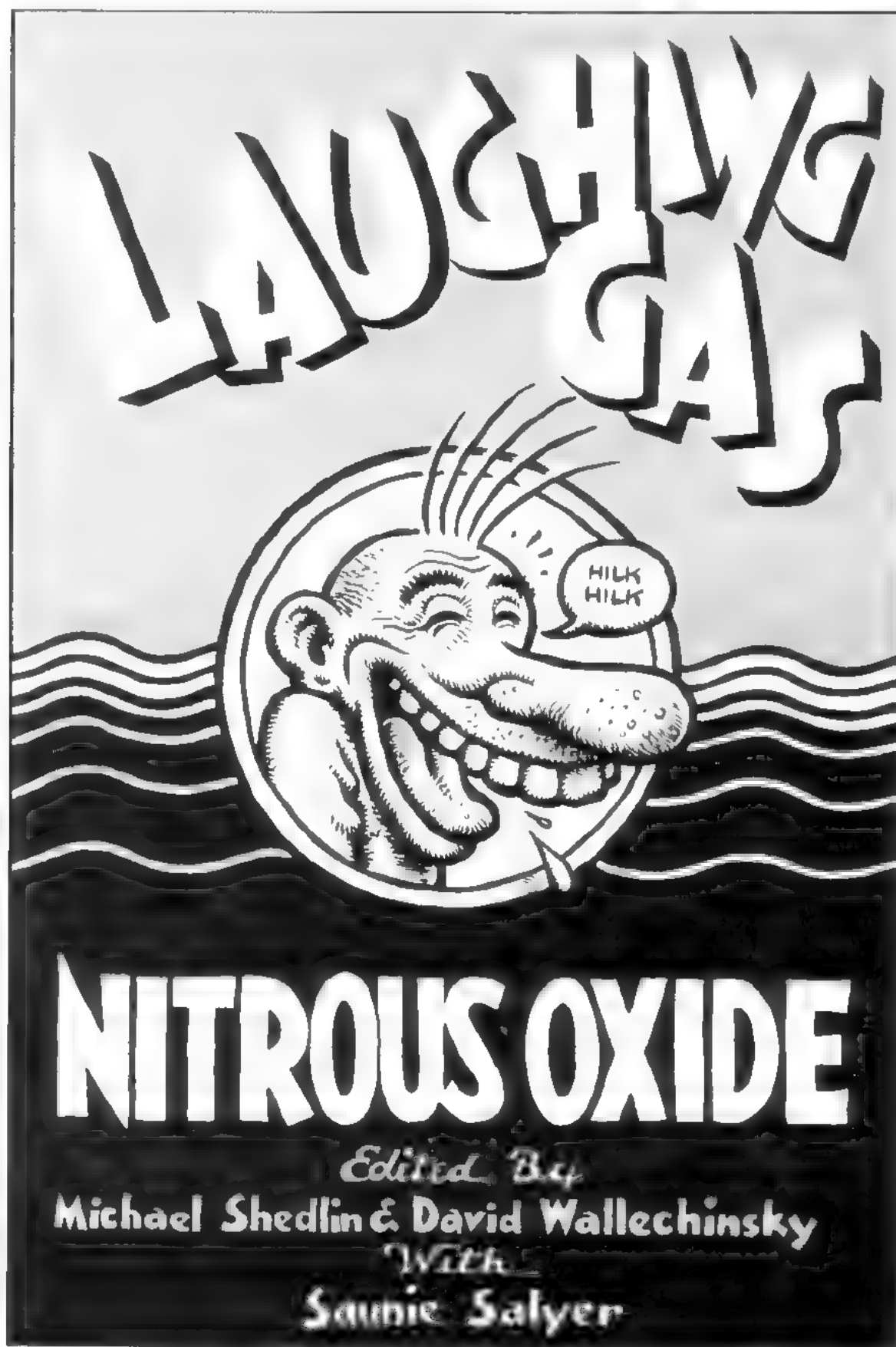
Jesse Crumb

"Hazbro's" Place, Talmage, CA, October, 1993

MORSE'S FUNNIES



WE LOVE YOU, ALBERT -
R. "HACK IT OUT" CRUMB ©1973



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THE MENDOCINO GRAPENOTE

NUMBER 16

15¢ = A COUNTY NEWSPAPER
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APRIL 8 to APRIL 15, 1974



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SPAIN RODRIGUEZ
JUSTIN GREEN
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R. CRUMB
SHARY FLENNIKEN
BOBBY LONDON
JAY LYNCH
KIM DEITCH



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R. CRUMB

KOMINSKY & CRUMB

in

"LET'S HAVE A LITTLE TALK"

by

R. CRUMB AND A. KOMINSKY

(1974)

ALINE, YOU SAY YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT WHAT PEOPLE WILL THINK... JUST WHAT IS IT THAT WORRIES YOU, CUTIE-PIE??

WELL FOR ONE THING I'M AFRAID MY DRAWING LOOKS TOO CRUDE AND UGLY NEXT TO YOURS

PEOPLE WILL MAKE FUN OF ME

WE'LL FUCK THEM! YOU SHOULD HAVE ENOUGH FAITH IN YOUR OWN WORK TO NOT LET A FEW NIT-PICKERS GET YOU DOWN. I MEAN, LOOK AT THIS PAGE. YOUR DRAWING NEXT TO MINE... ROMANTIC, ISN'T IT?

EYEYEW, MINE DOES LOOK BAD, IT LOOKS KIND OF LIKE A RE-TARD DID IT!

IT'S A NICE BLEND... VERY PLEASING TO THE EYE... BESIDES, IT'S INNOCENT. NOBODY'S EVER DONE A COMIC LIKE THIS BEFORE! IT'S A HISTORIC BREAK-THROUGH!

SURE, YOUR ART'S A LITTLE STIFF, AND YOUR DIALOGUE MAY BE SELF-CONSCIOUS, BUT SO WHAT!! S' GREAT STUFF! SO TURN THAT FROWN RIGHT UPSIDE-DOWN, HOTSY!!

WHAD YA MEAN HU??

I KNOW THE ONLY REASON ANYONE'S GONNA BUY THIS COMIC IS CAUSE OF YOU THEY ALL HATE ME

HEY, LOOK OUT, PUSH-INSKY!!

EVEN THO YOUR DRAWING IS REAL SLICK AND MINE HAS MORE SOUL, WHAD'DA THEY CARE? JERKS!

OH THAT'S ANOTHER THING I WANT YOU TO TELL THEM ROBERT IS HOW I DIDN'T PUSH YOU INTO DOING THIS COMIC WITH ME. YOU TELL THEM HOW IT WAS ALL YOUR IDEA!

YES, SUGAR!

THAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS... IT WAS MY IDEA... I SUGGESTED TO ALINE THAT WE DO THIS BOOK TOGETHER. SO, IN CASE ANYBODY THINKS SHE'S A PISSEY JEW WHO MANIPULATED ME INTO THIS, YOU'RE WRONG... IT WAS ALL MY IDEA... REALLY...

I'M NOT KIDDING...

I ALSO WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I THOUGHT UP THE MOST DEPRAVED PANEL WHERE HE PUSHES MY HEAD IN THE VOMIT!

PROUD OF BEING G-ROSS

QUITE TRUE! YOUR WOMEN FRIENDS ARE GONNA GIVE YOU HELL FOR CONSORTING WITH A MALE 'PIG' SUCH AS MYSELF, AND THE GUYS WILL TELL ME I'M PUSSY-WHIPPED BUT, Y'KNOW, YOU'RE BOUND TO BE MALIGNED AND MISUNDERSTOOD IN THIS BUSINESS NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO. THAT'S THE MEDIA FOR YOU... THAT'S SHOW BIZ. YOU GOTTA BE TOUGH...

YEA, BUT IF WE COULD AT LEAST GET SOME GOOD MAIL OUTA THIS I'D BE HAPPY! SO WRITE US LETTERS (ESPECIALLY YOU CUTE YOUNG MEN!!)

PS I'M CUTER IN REAL LIFE

NO YOU'RE NOT!

YES I AM!

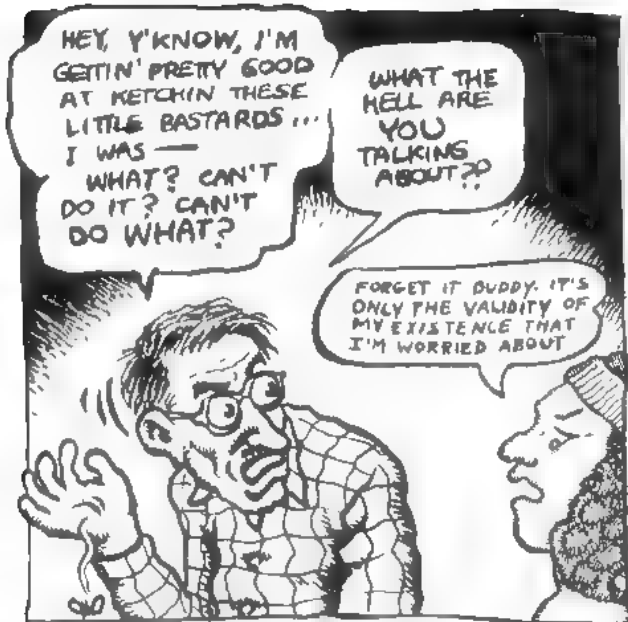
HABA NO MORE ROOM.

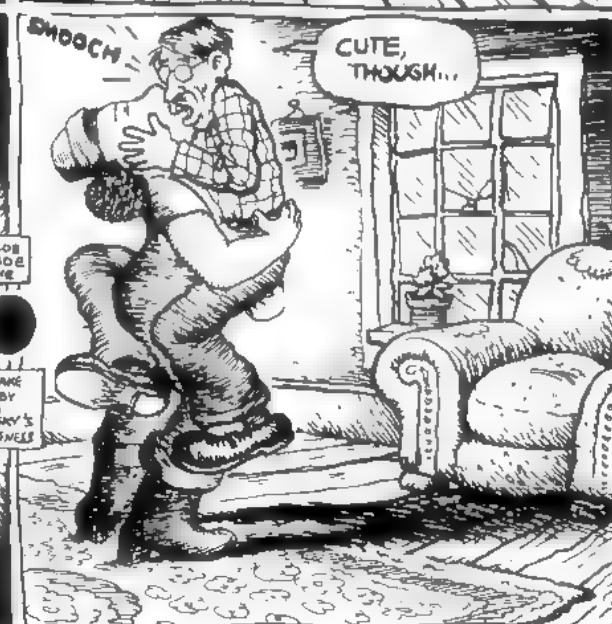
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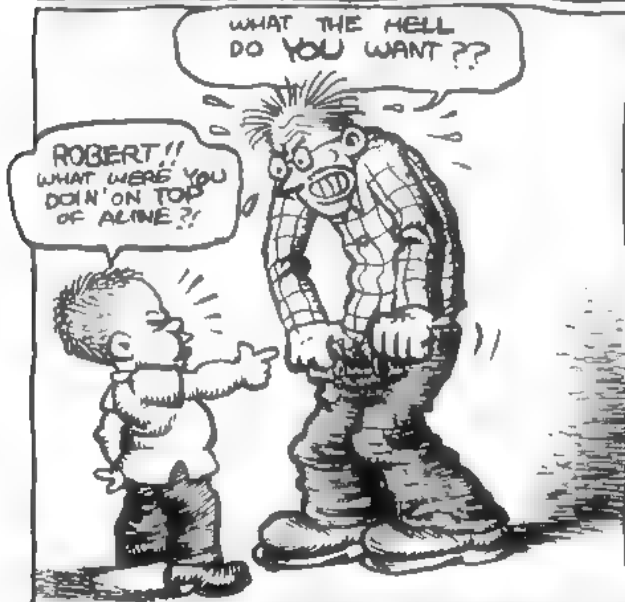
A cartoon illustration of a man with glasses and a wide, toothy grin, looking towards the right. Above him is a small, smiling head of a woman with curly hair.

by Crumb & Kominsky

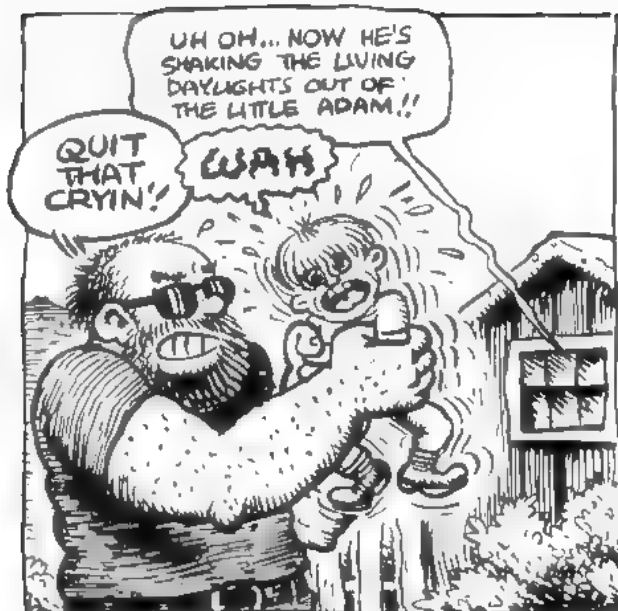




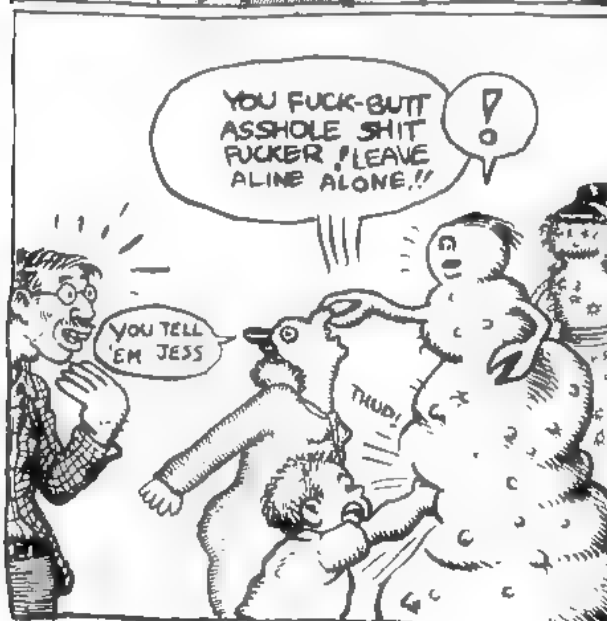


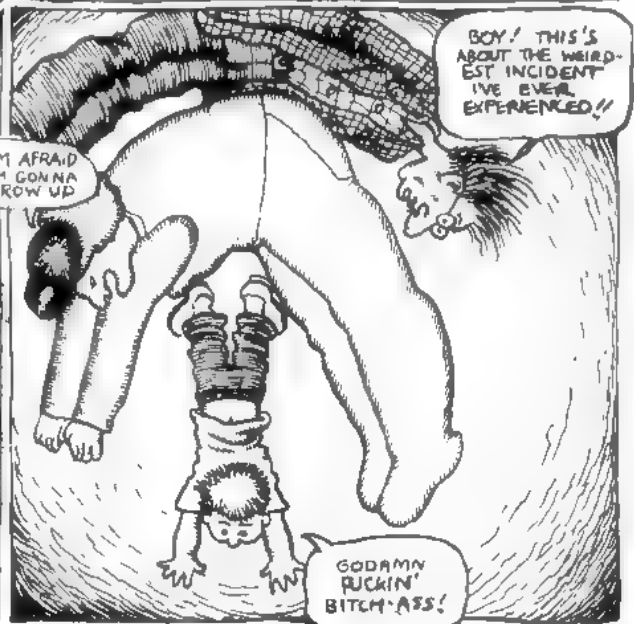
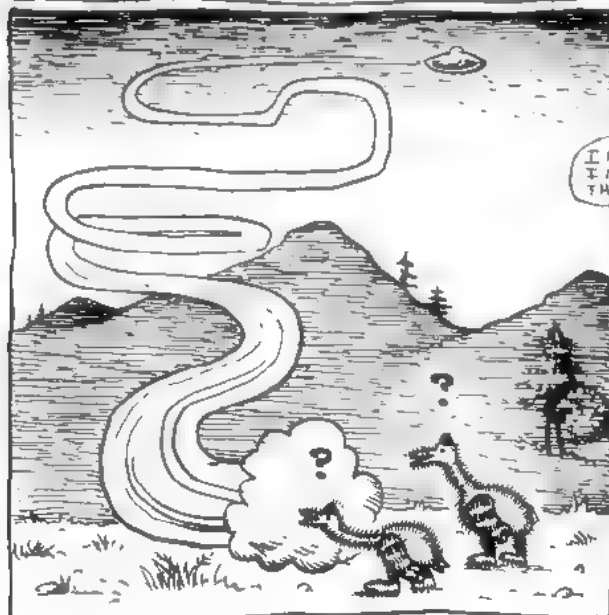
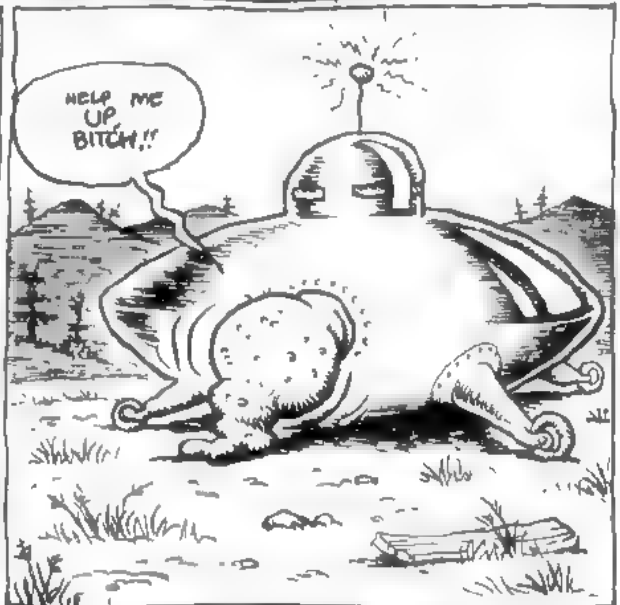
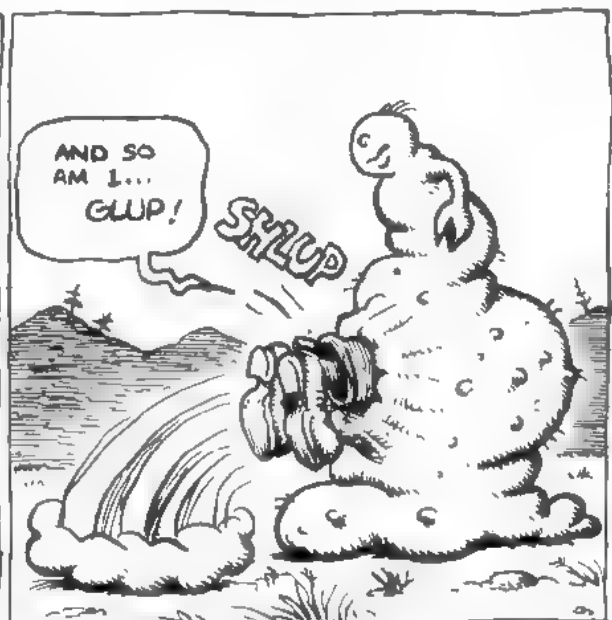


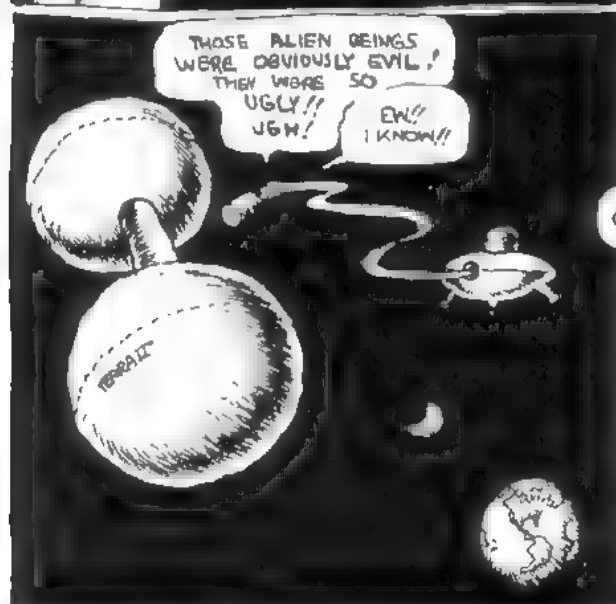


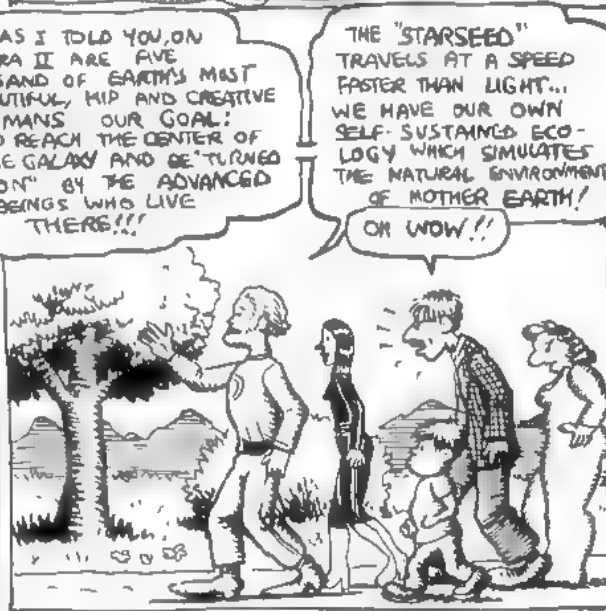






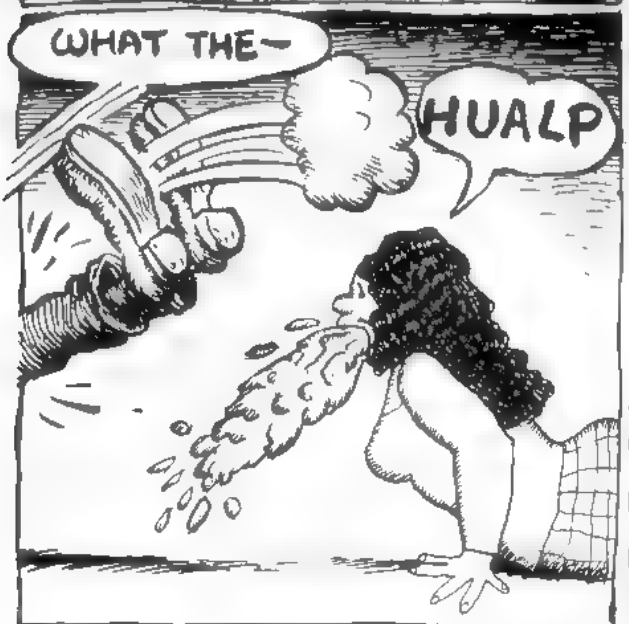




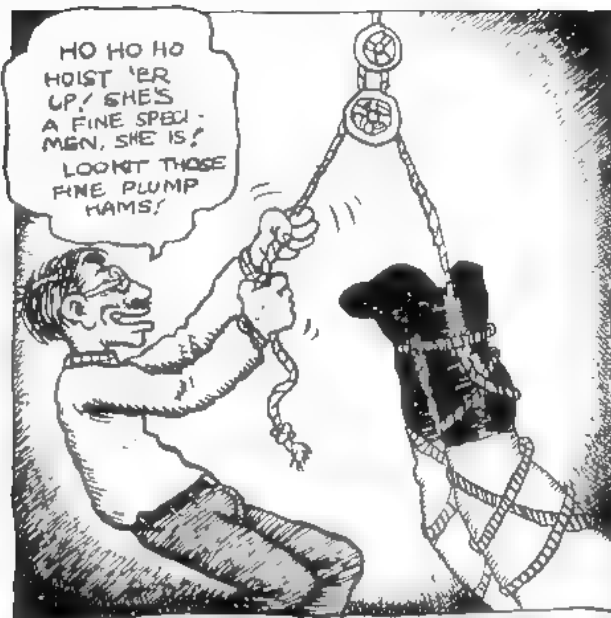
















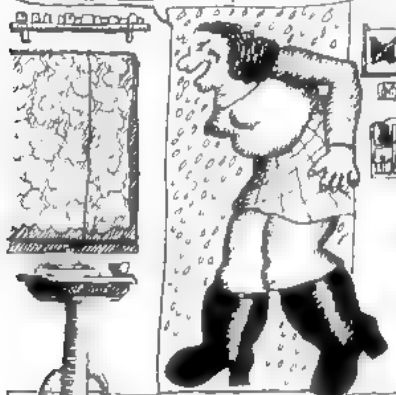
ONLY A FEW DAYS LATER:



HE'S GONE OFF AND LEFT HIS LOVED ONES, HIS WIFE, GIRLFRIEND, CHILDREN, ANIMALS. BUT WHAT DOES HE CARE?



I THINK THAT "ALL IN ALL IT'S BEEN A GREAT LIFE" HA HA!



NO REALLY, THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I USED TO WRITE ABOUT MY INDEPENDENCE. REMEMBER?



NOW YOU SEE ME HERE ON THESE PAGES IN A MAN'S WORLD



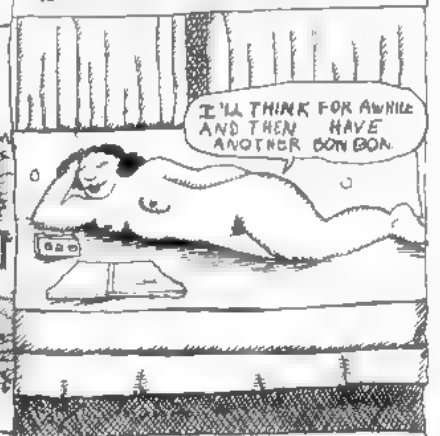
SO NATURALLY YOU THINK, HERE'S ANOTHER WOMAN (SISTER, FRIEND) SUCKED IN BY ROMANCE!



SHE'S FORGOTTEN HER STRUGGLES IN THE CITY.



NOW SHE'S FAT AND COMPLACENT



BUT IN REALITY LIFE IS HARDER NOW. WHY IT ALL BOILS DOWN TO THE ONE TO ONE RELATIONSHIP DOESN'T IT??



I MEAN TRYING TO LIVE WITH YOUR FRIENDS IS A VALID EXPERIMENT!

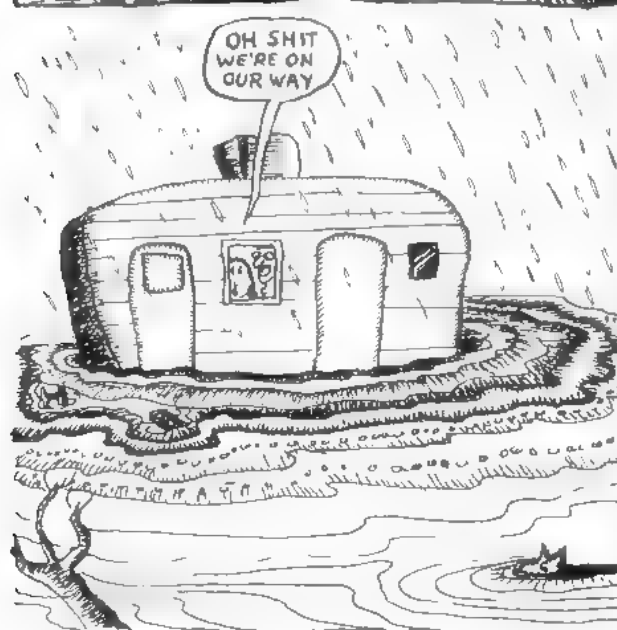


AND HERE I AM IN MY LITTLE TRAILER TONITE, BEING A NUN.

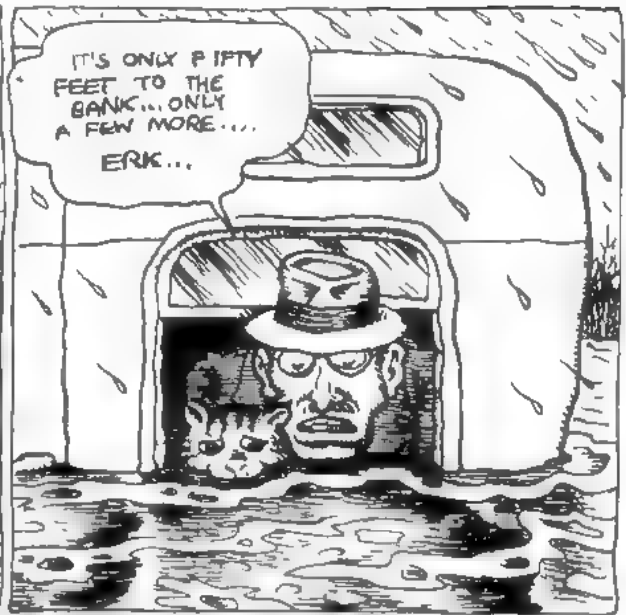


*Thanks To T.Z. OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS (The Little Brute).





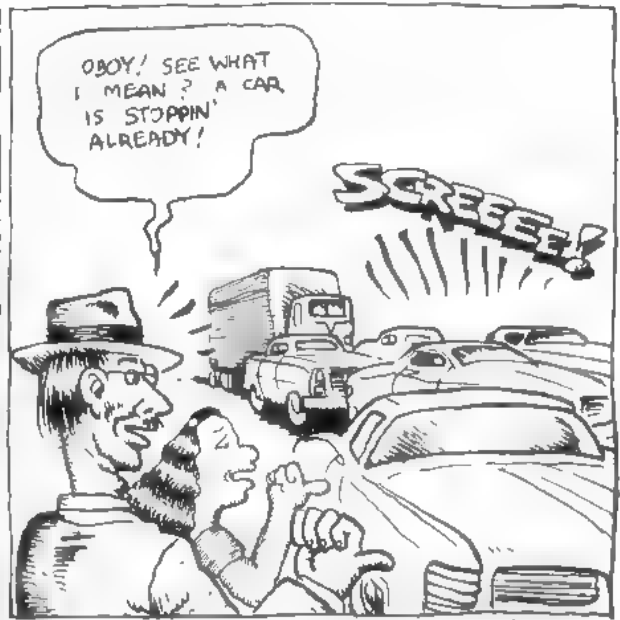


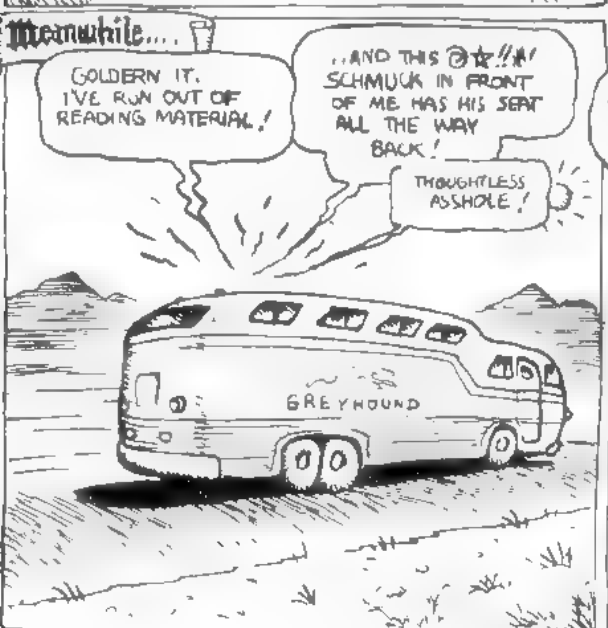












MEANWHILE, IN CHICAGO...



AND MEANWHILE



MEANWHILE, ON THE OHIO TURNPIKE...



LATER THAT DAY:

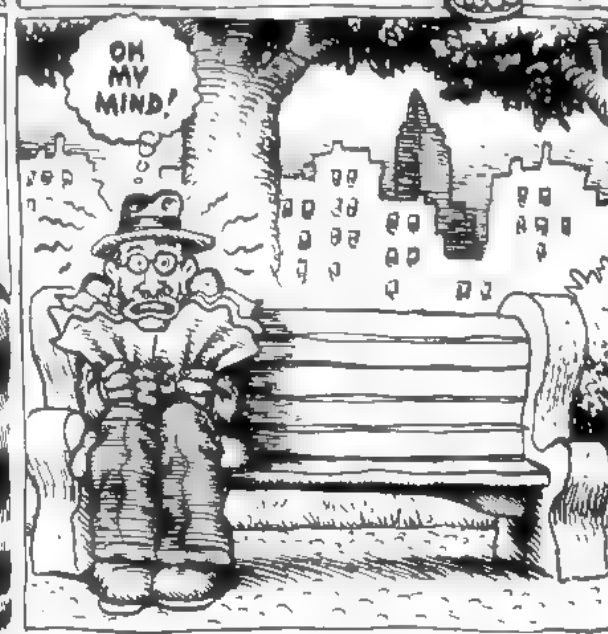
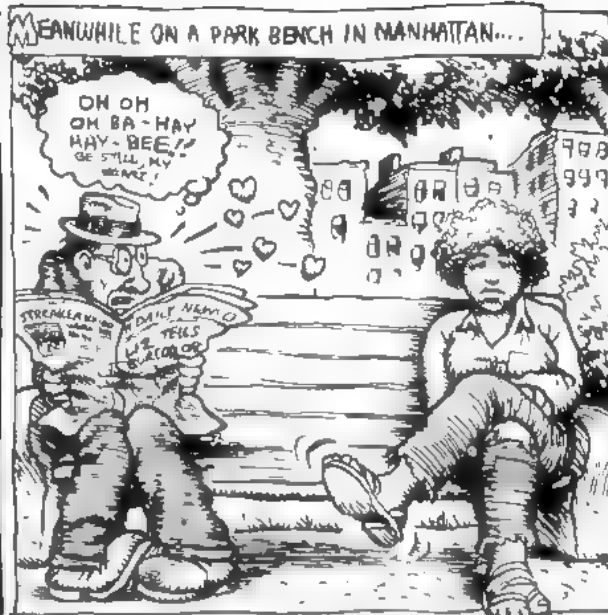


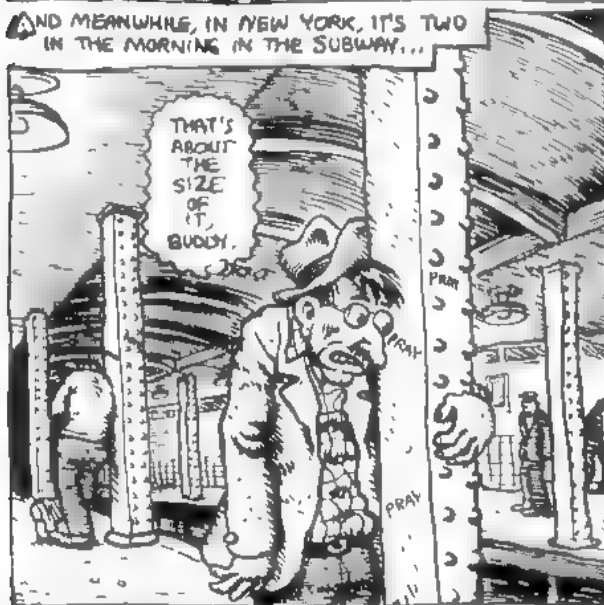
...AND MEANWHILE, BACK EAST...

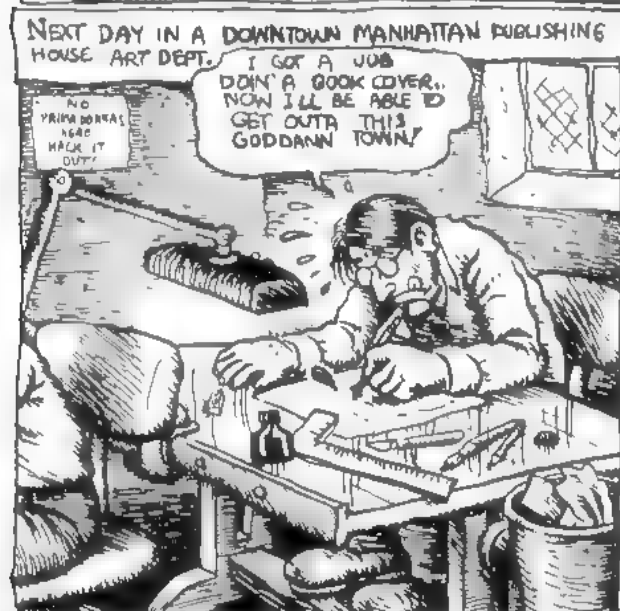


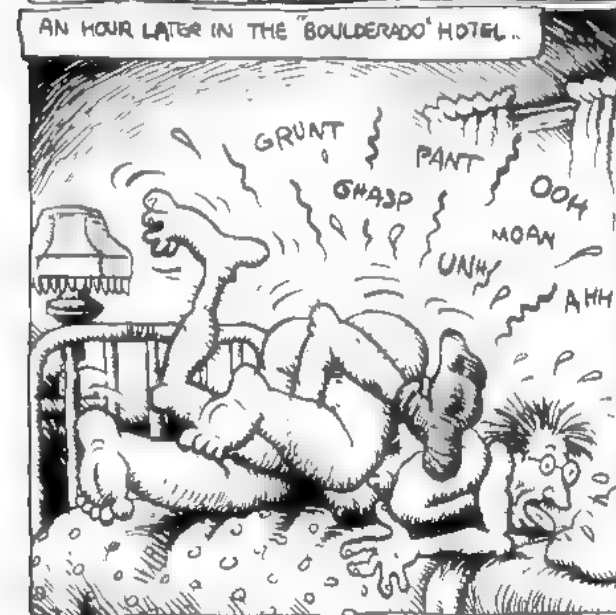
AND BACK IN ARIZONA





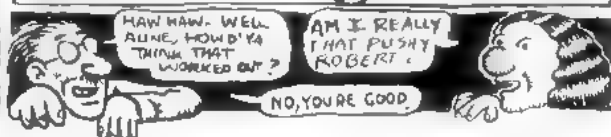
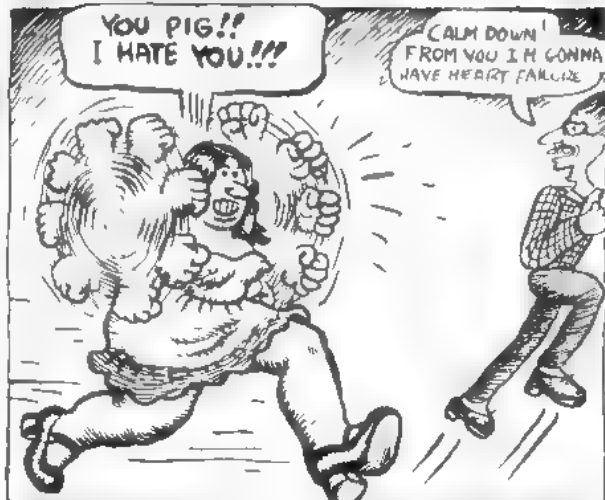






THE END

TURNABOUT'S fair play



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THE JOHN AND YOKO OF UNDERGROUND COMICS!!

Yes, Dirty Laundry Comics contains an entirely unique approach to the art of cartooning. The four panels above demonstrate the method used. R. Crumb portrays himself in all his zany eccentricity, while Aline draws herself as the cute, lovable, hilarious girl that she is! Together they make a duo that is the Laff-gettingest comic-book of the Year!!!

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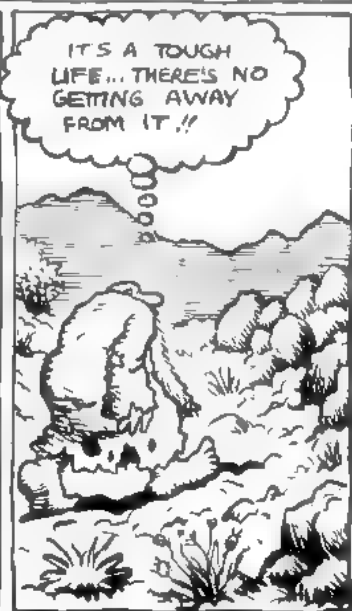
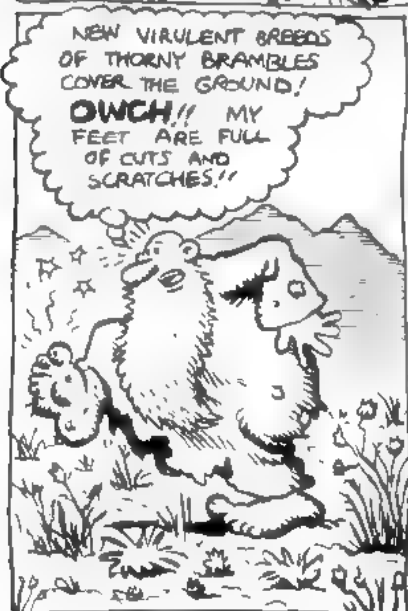
50¢

comics

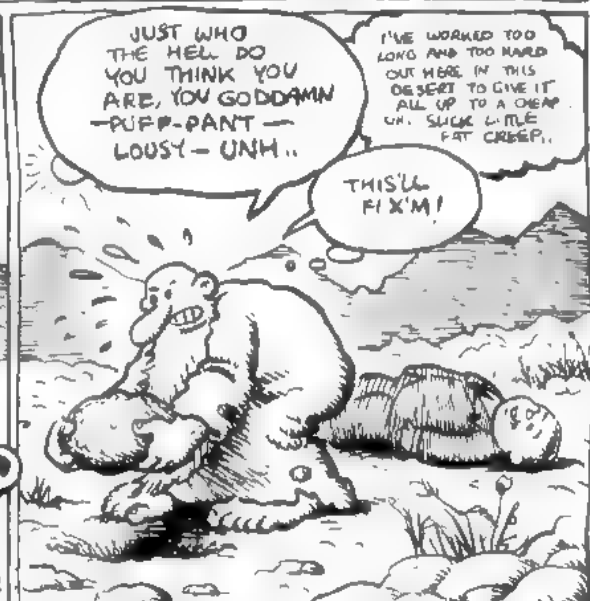


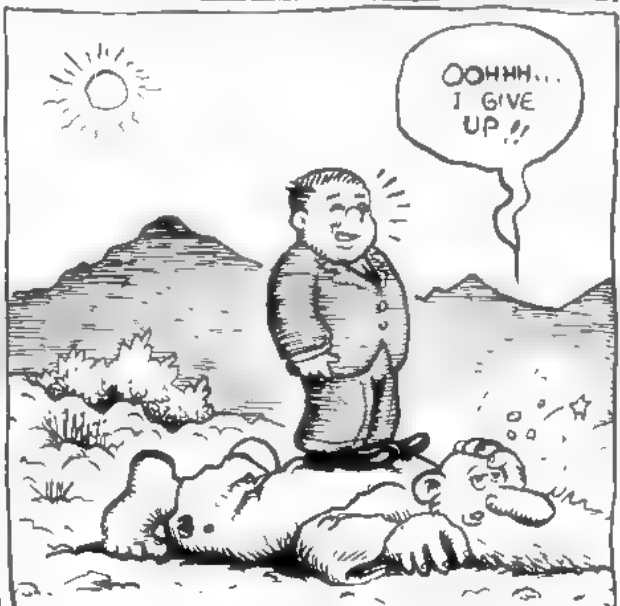
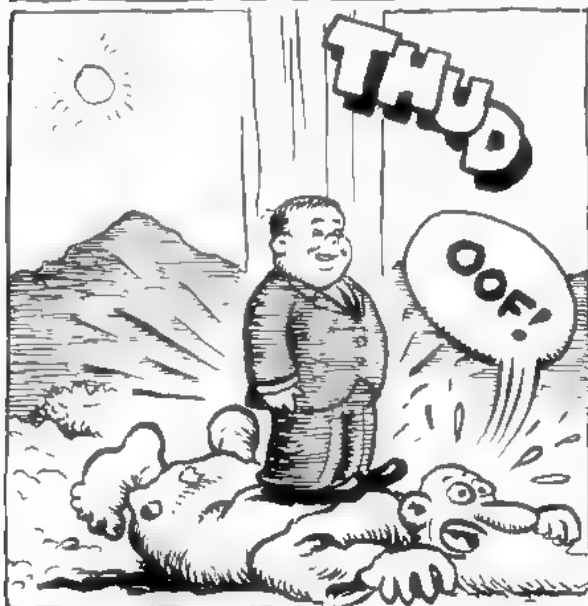
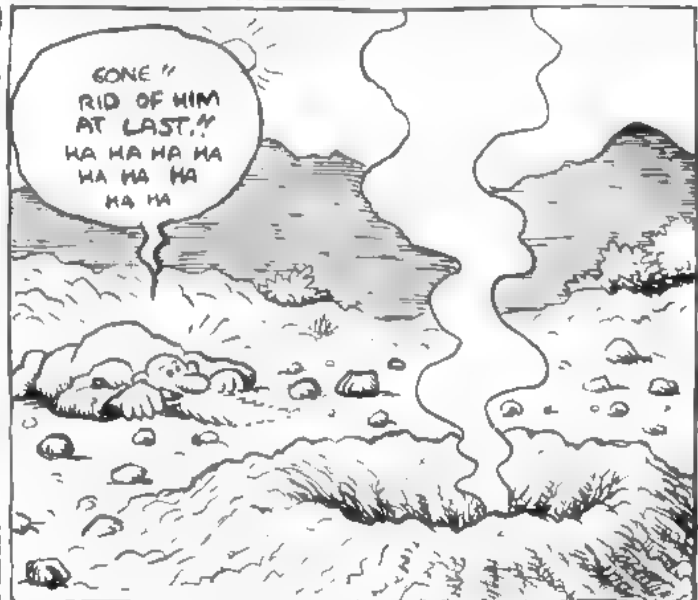
WHAT
THE —



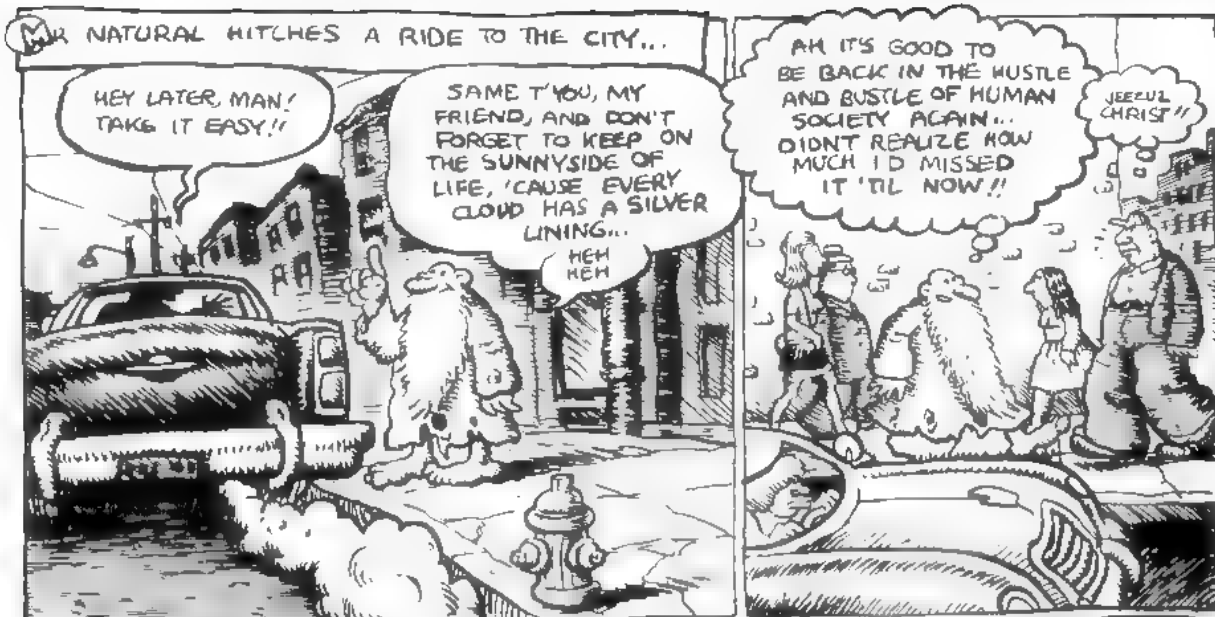




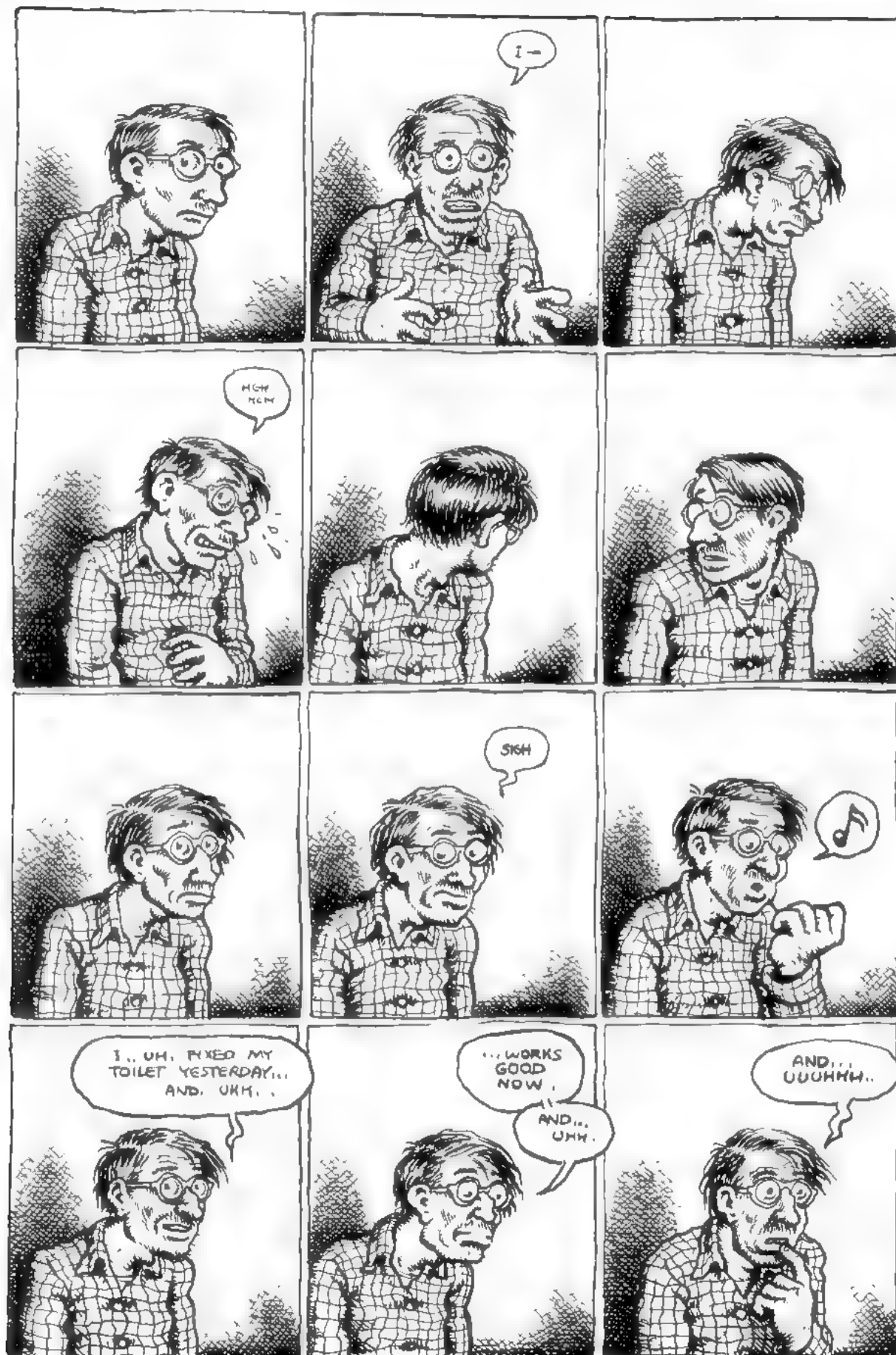




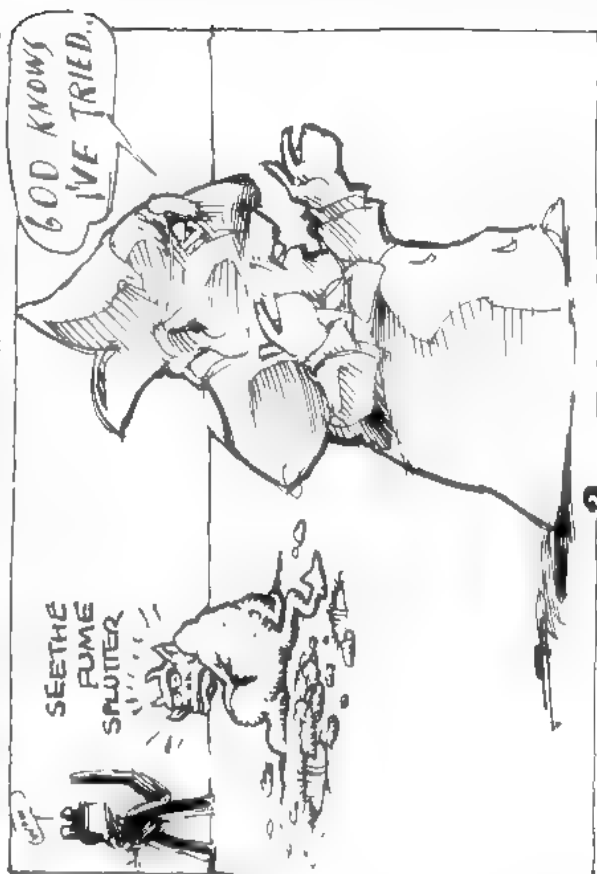




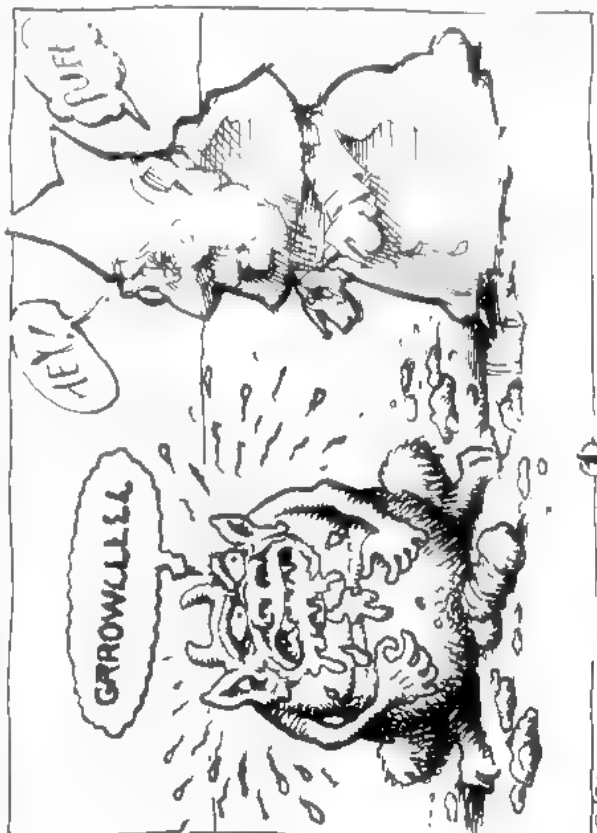
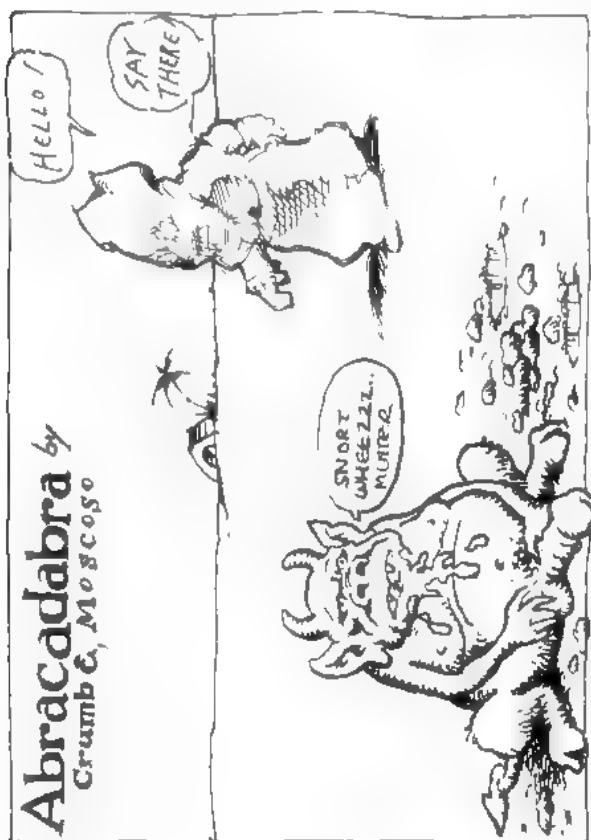








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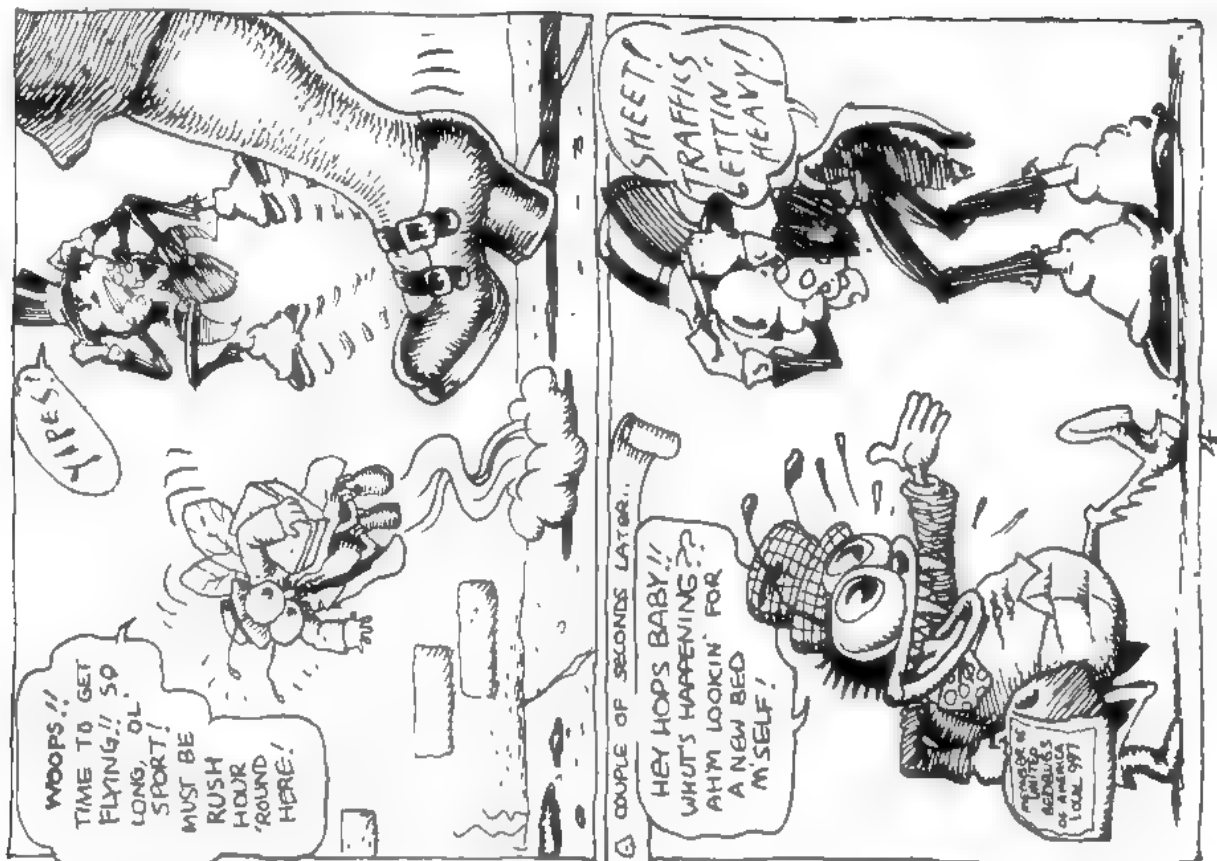
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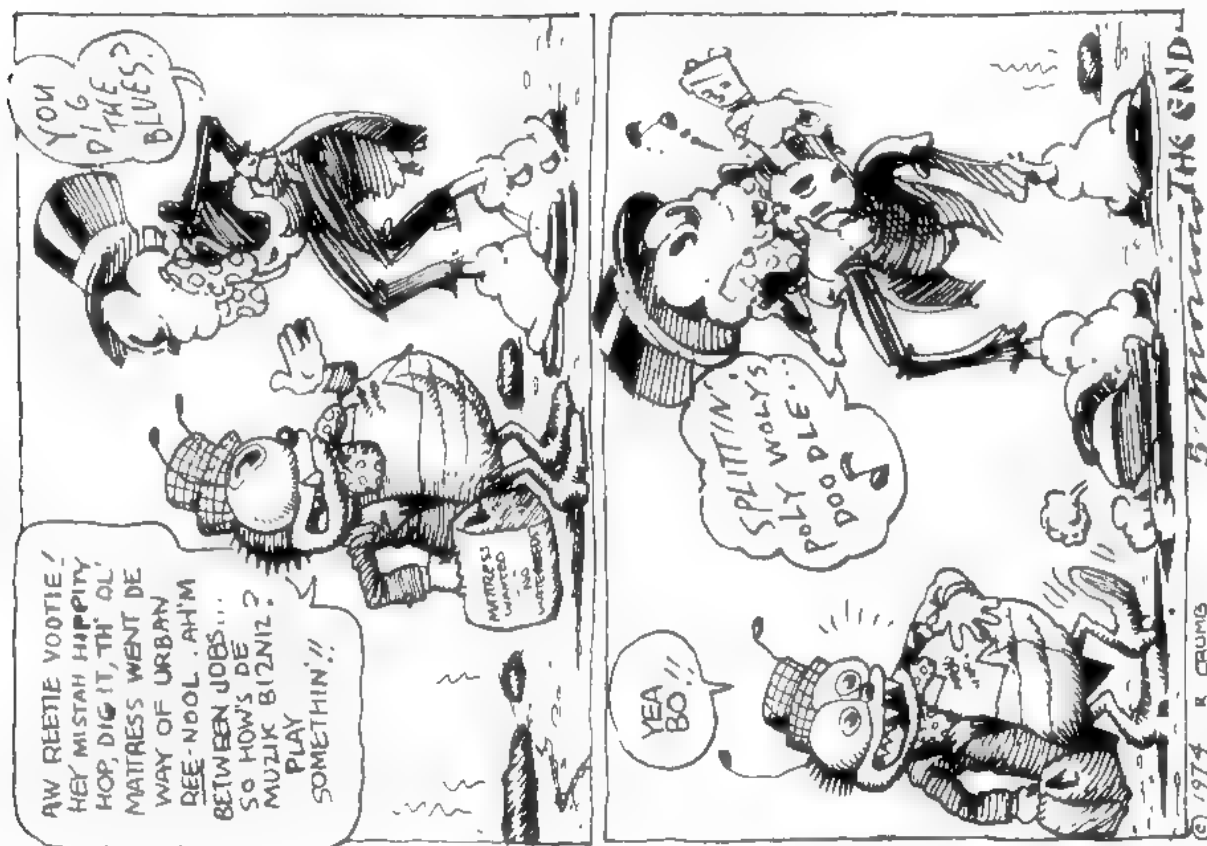
©74

Abracadabra by
Crumb & Moscoso











"THE EXPERT" —R. "GIVE 'EM HELL" CRUMB

R. Crumb's
HEAD COMIX



TRICKS COMICS

2
BITS

25¢



©1975 R. CRUMB

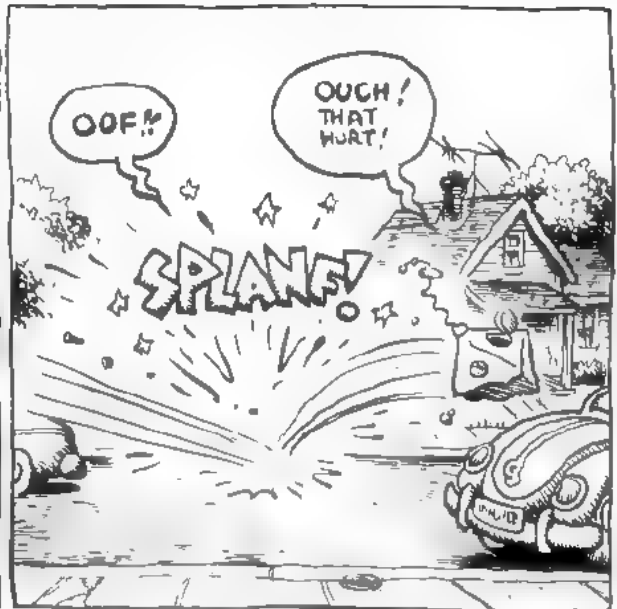
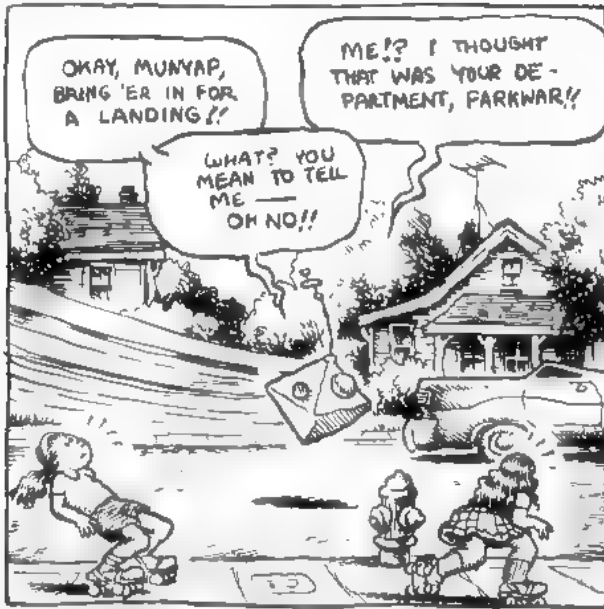
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JUNE 21 · EXHIBIT HALL · HYATT REGENCY · SAN FRANCISCO

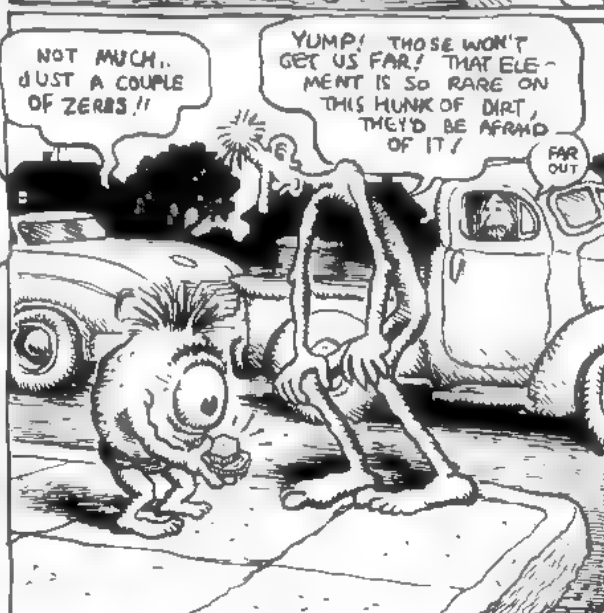
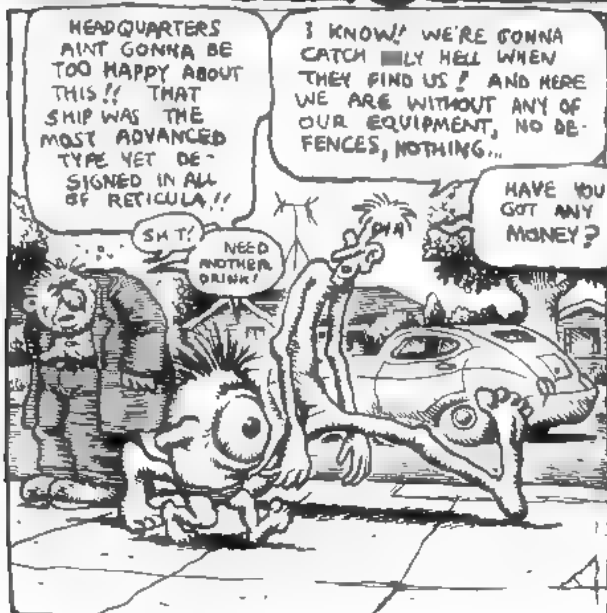
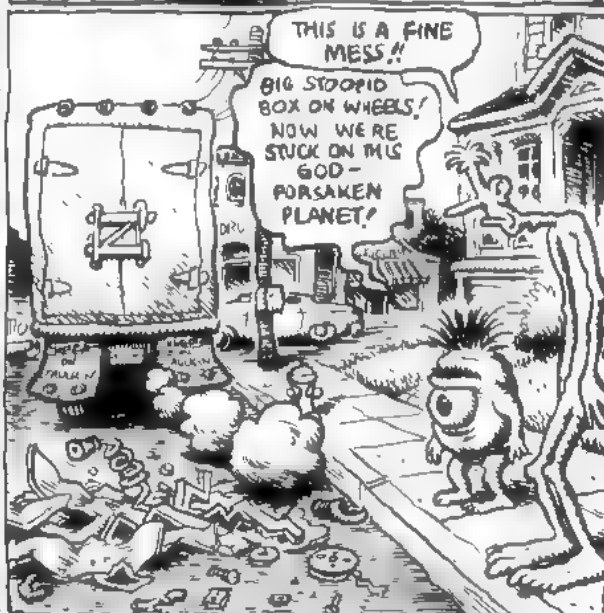


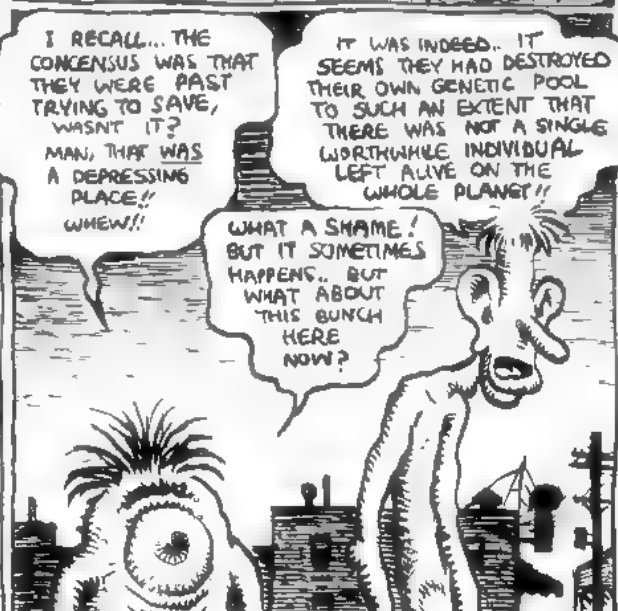
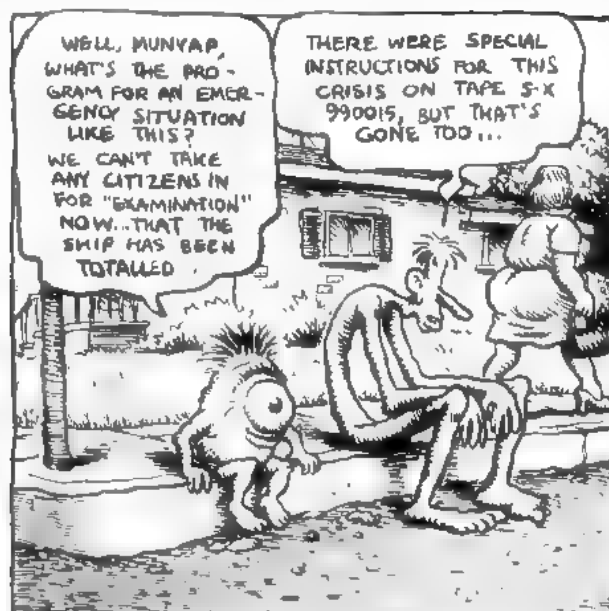


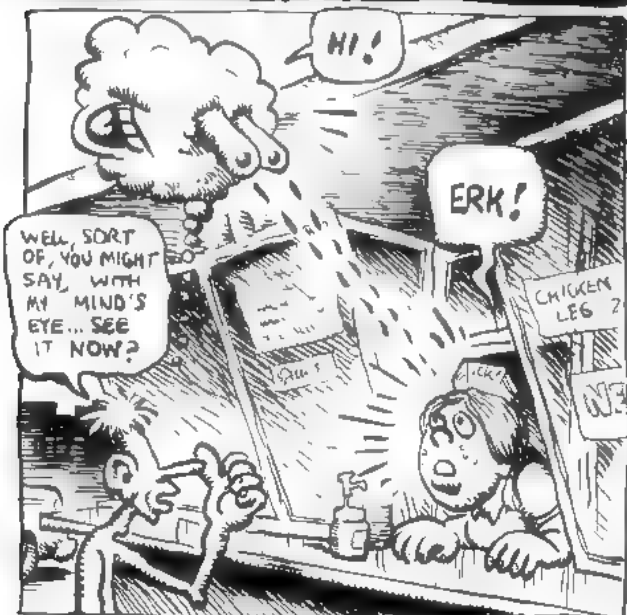
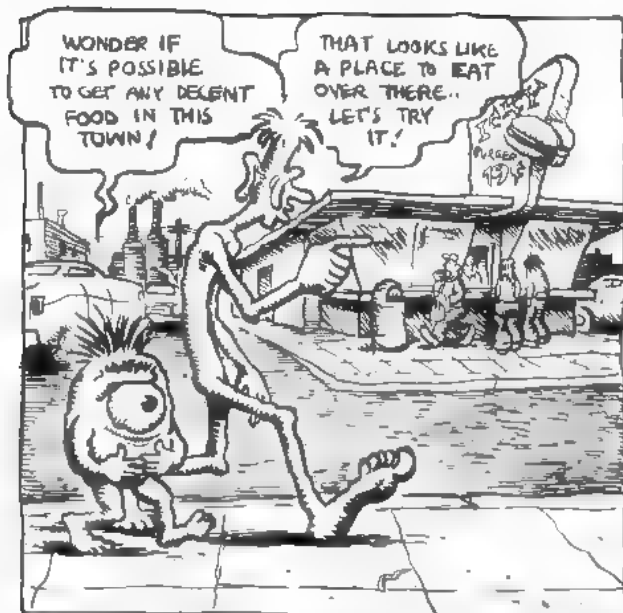
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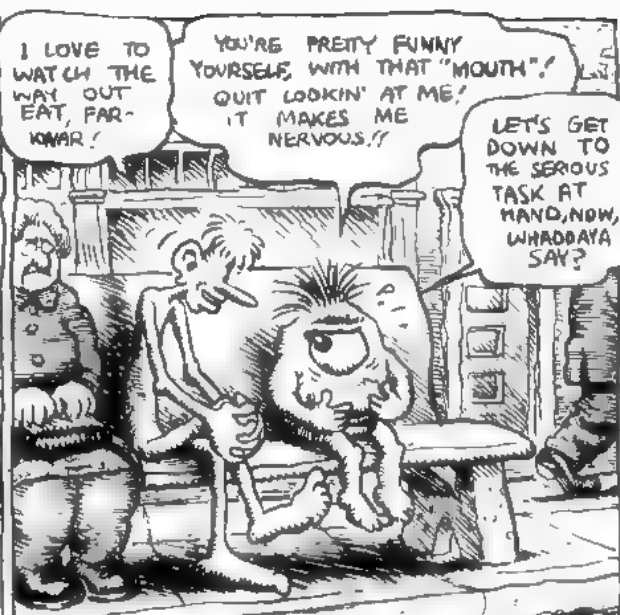
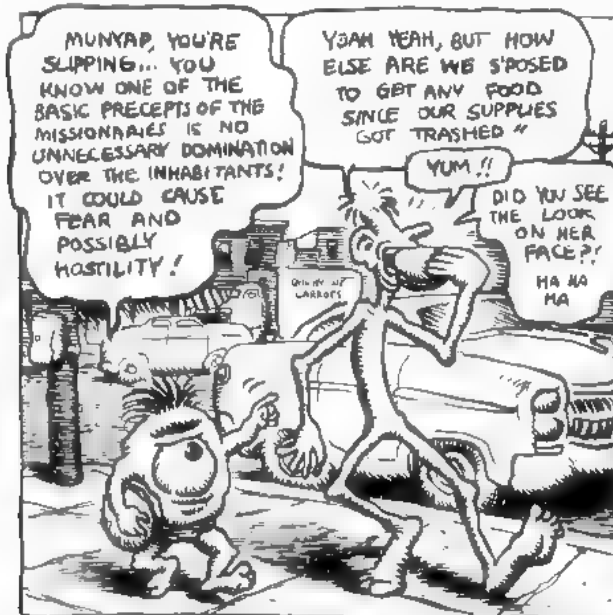




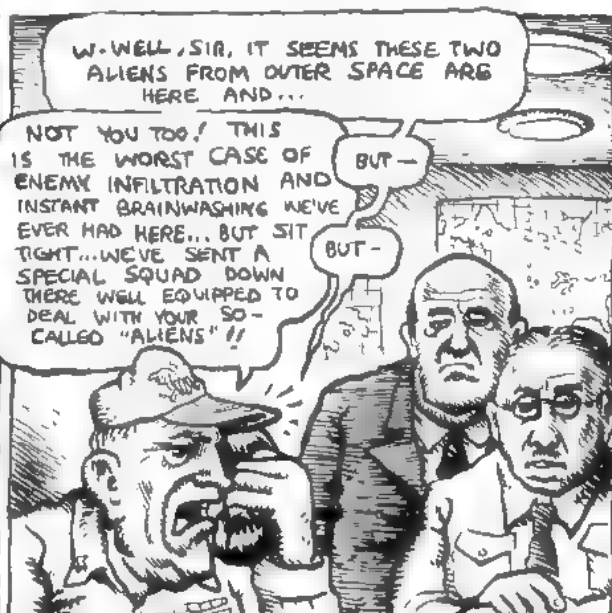


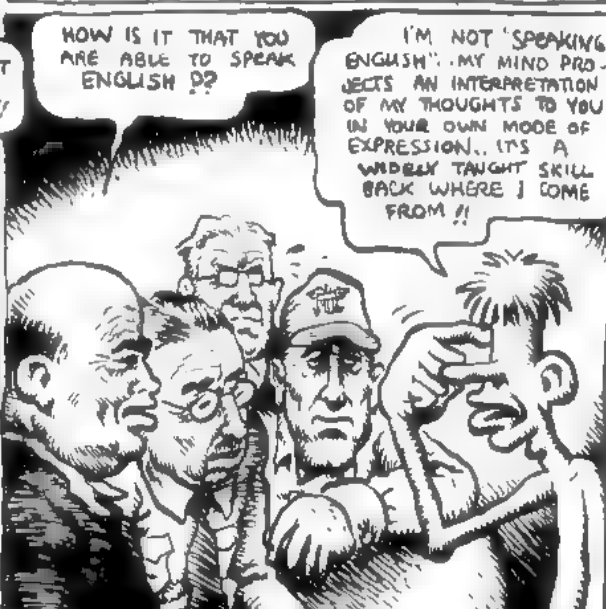
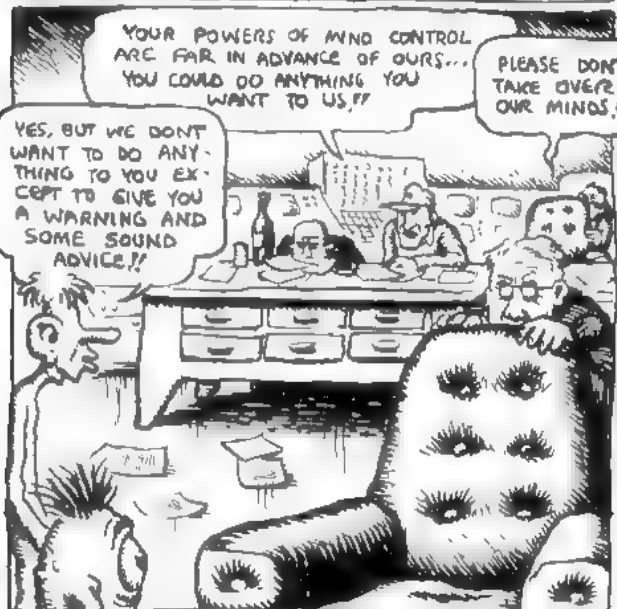
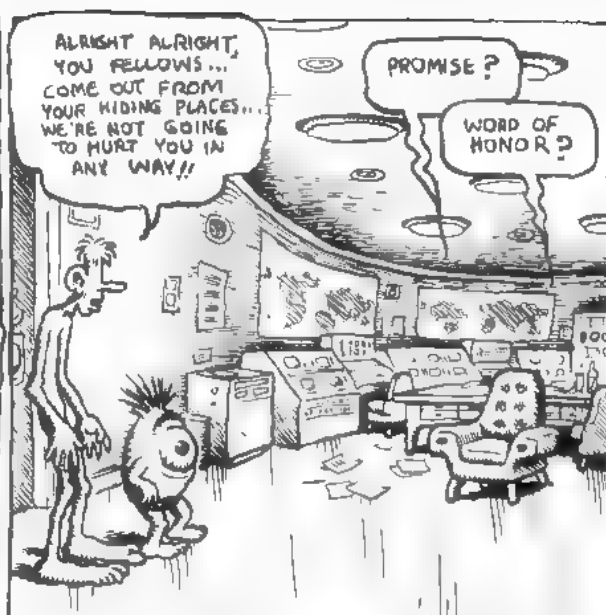
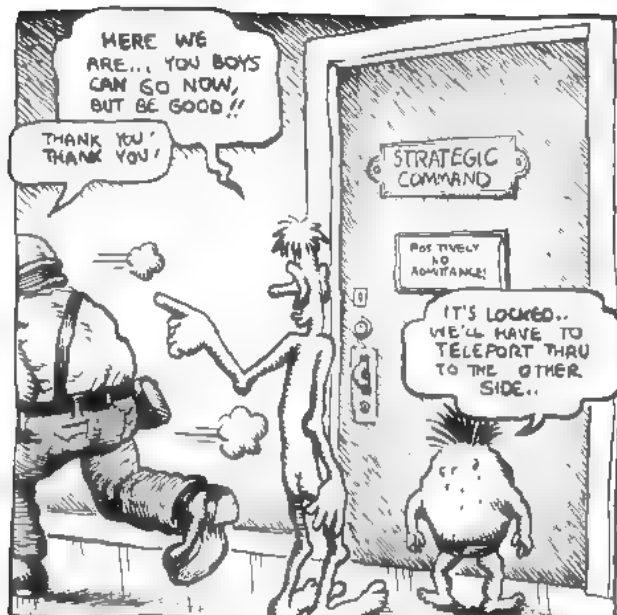














YOU CAN'T AVOID *the* VOID
—Starring—
VALERIE *vs* VEGETARIAN
by R CRUMB ©1974

VIVACIOUS VALERIE WAS VACUUMING
THE VENETIAN BLINDS ONE DAY
(AFTER ALL, SHE'S A VIRGO!)

IT'S A
VICIOUS
CIRCLE

WHEN VISIONS OF HER VIBRATOR
INVADED HER VIVID IMAGINATION."

MY VERY
OWN VICE
DEVICE!

WHRR

SQUIRM
WIGGLE

OUR VOLUPTUOUS VIXEN CEASED
HER VIGOROUS LABOR.

I MUST VIOLATE
MY VIRTUE WITH
THAT VULGAR
INVENTION!!

6666

FIRST I'LL
TURN UP THE
VOLUME ON THE
VIDEO SO NO ONE
WILL HEAR MY
VOLCANIC VOCALS
WHILE I'M VULCAN-
IZIN' MY VELVETEN
VULVA!!

THE MAN
WHO SHOT
LIBERTY
VALANCE

..PULL THE SHADE TO
AVOID BEING VIEWED
FROM THE VERANDA!!

I'LL PLACE THIS "VOGUE
MAGAZINE ON THE BED
IN CASE VIVIAN WALKS
IN WHILE I'M IN THE
VORTEX OF THE VERY ACT"

NOW, MY VYNAL
VILLAIN, ITS TIME
TO VENT MY EVIL
FEVER ON YOUR
VIRILE VIPER'S
VISAGE!"

WE MUST NEEDS VEIL THIS
VISION OF VORACIOUS PERVERSION
FROM THE VICARIOUS VOYEUR'S
ENVIOUS VIEW!!

BUZZA7200F
222V22

SEVERELY THE VENGEFUL VENTURE
WAS FINALLY OVER.

WELL.. SIGH..
BACK TO
WORK..

WHAT —

IT'S THE VOID!!

OV
VEV.

-END-

R. CRUMB and his CHEAP SUIT SERENADERS

featuring

R. CRUMB: BANJO & VOCALS, ALLAN DODGE: MANDOLIN
MANDOLIN, J. J. & VOCALS, ROBERT E. ARMSTRONG: NO.
G. TAP, ACCORDIAN, BANJO, SAW & VOCALS, RICHARD OK
TOT, BASS FIDDLE & TUBA PAUL WOLTZ: BASSOON

— SIDE ONE —

1. Laughing Rag

Sam Moore Arr.
Armstrong Crumb
Dodge

2. True Blue Lou

(Madsen-Brown Arr.
Armstrong Crumb
Dodge)

3. LITTLE RASCALS MEDLEY

(H. K. H. Arr.
Armstrong Crumb
Dodge)

5. Kiki Bump



(Armstrong Dodge
No. 47)

7. Sweet Lorraine

(Parish Burns Arr. Armstrong
Crumb Dodge)

4. Willie the Chimney Sweeper



(Ernest Rogers Arr. Armstrong Crumb Dodge)

6. CUCKOO WALTZ

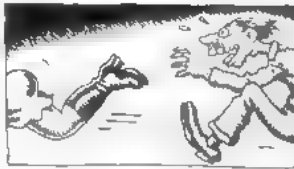
(Gunnar Sandberg
Madsen Arr.
Armstrong Crumb
Dodge)



— SIDE TWO —

1. I'm Gonna Get It

(Wilson Bronzy
Brown Arr.
Armstrong
Crumb Dodge)



2. LUCILLE

(Donelson Arr. Armstrong Crumb Dodge)



3. I HAD BUT FIFTY CENTS

TRADITIONAL Arr.
Armstrong Crumb Dodge

4. Down in Jingle Town

(Morse-Madsen Arr. Armstrong Crumb Dodge)



5. Get a Load of This

(Armstrong
Dodge)



6. CHEAP SUIT SPECIAL

Dodge

7. I'll See You In My Dreams

(Kann Jones Arr. Armstrong Crumb
Dodge)

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FREE CATALOGUE!

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— New York, New York 10014 —

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ALL
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GOOSE
& YATOO
RECORDS

Recorded at Sierra Sound Labs, Oakland, Calif., and
A House Record Studios, Berkeley, California

Produced for Blue Goose Records, a division
of Yellow Box Productions, by N. K. Ellis

All songs composed by Armstrong
Crumb and/or Dodge, copyright © 1974
by Yellow Box Music.

Cover Art (May 74) by R. Crumb

**BLUE
GOOSE
2014**

R. Crumb
and his

CHEAP SUIT SERENADERS



R. Crumb



ALAN
DODGE



ROBERT E.
ARMSTRONG

The CHEAP SUIT SERENADERS "givin' em
what they want" at a recent New Year's party

HOT
TUNES
BALLADS
BLUES
WALTZES
OLD
STANDARDS

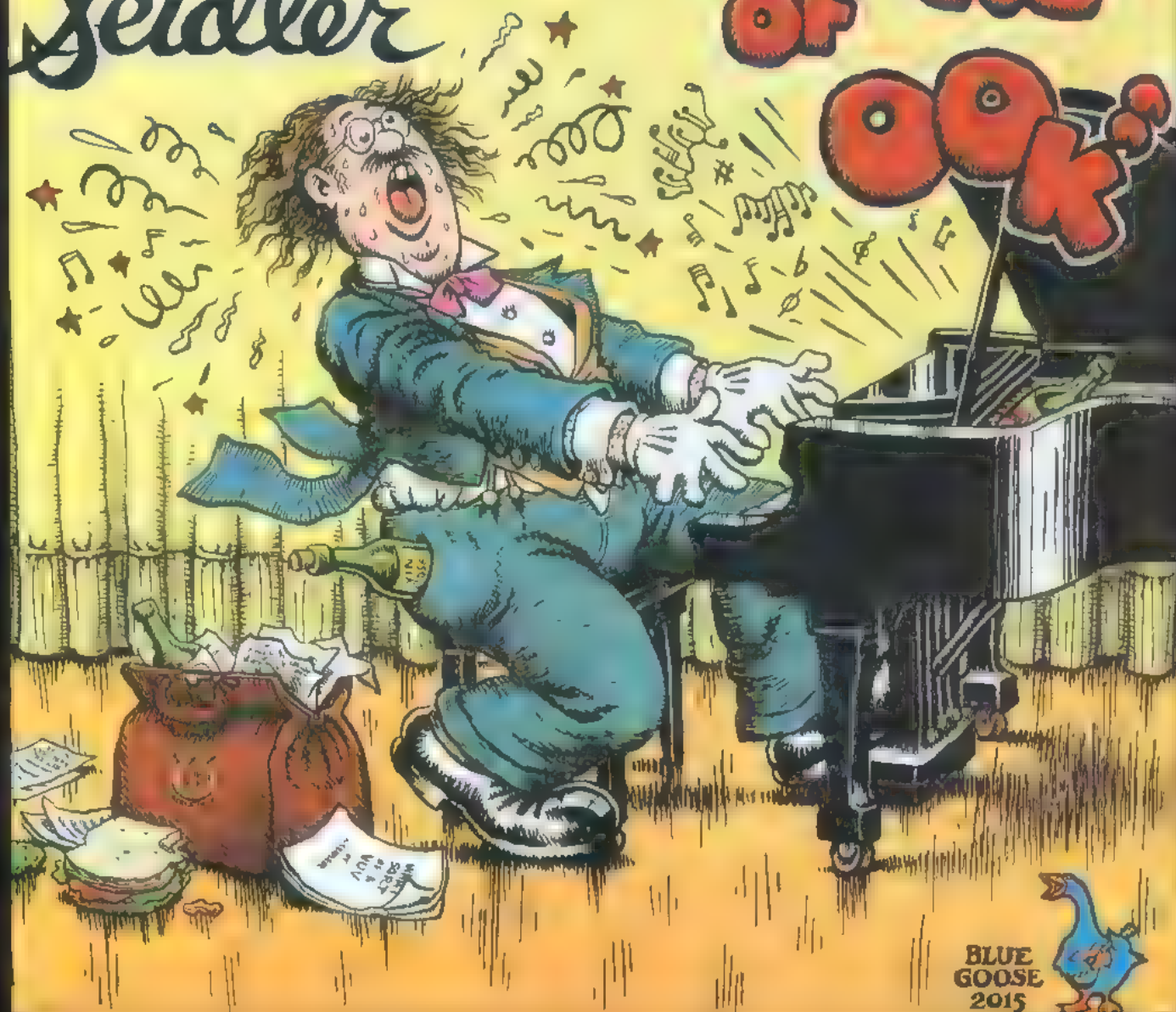


BLUE GOOSE 2014

for
a Crumb

Alan
Seidler

THE DUKE
OF OOK



BLUE
GOOSE
2015



Rompini Stompin' Ragtime

by
**DAVE
JASEN**



BLUE
GOOSE
3002



Ukulele Ike

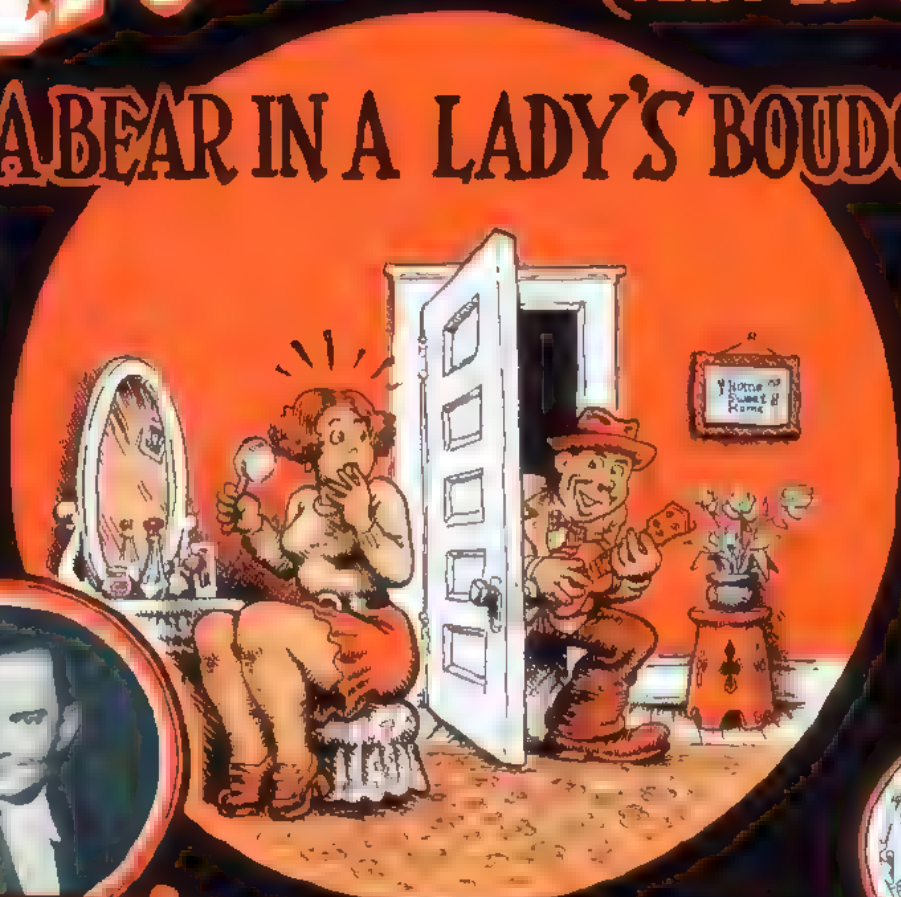
(CLIFF EDWARDS)

"I'M A BEAR IN A LADY'S BOUDOIR"



UKULELE IKE

(CLIFF EDWARDS)



©1974 R. CRUMB



Aline and Bob's



DIRTY LAUNDRY

comics

75¢

HERE I STAND,
NAKED TO THE
WORLD...

IF YOU CAN
DO IT BUDDY
SO CAN I!

IT'S NOT A
PUNYANT
SUMMER
DRESS!



R. Crumb

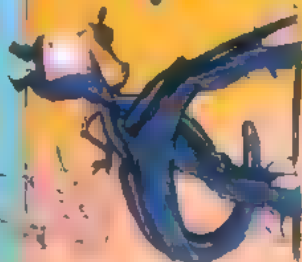
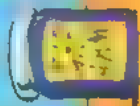
Alvin Krombholz



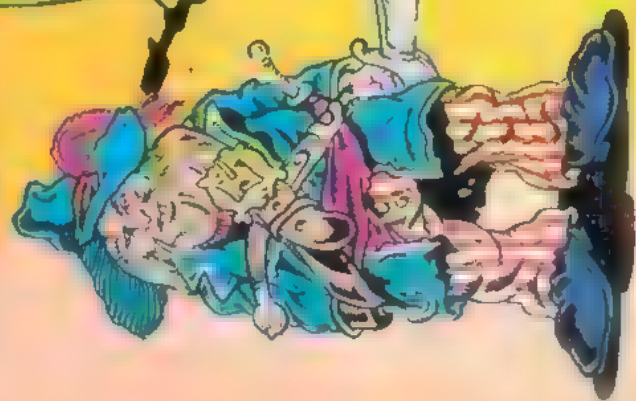
ZAM ZAM



ZAM



OOXX
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MAN

JUSTIN
GREEN

R. CRUMB

BOBBY
LONDON

MIM
DE TCH

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SPAIN

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SHARY
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JAY
LYNCH

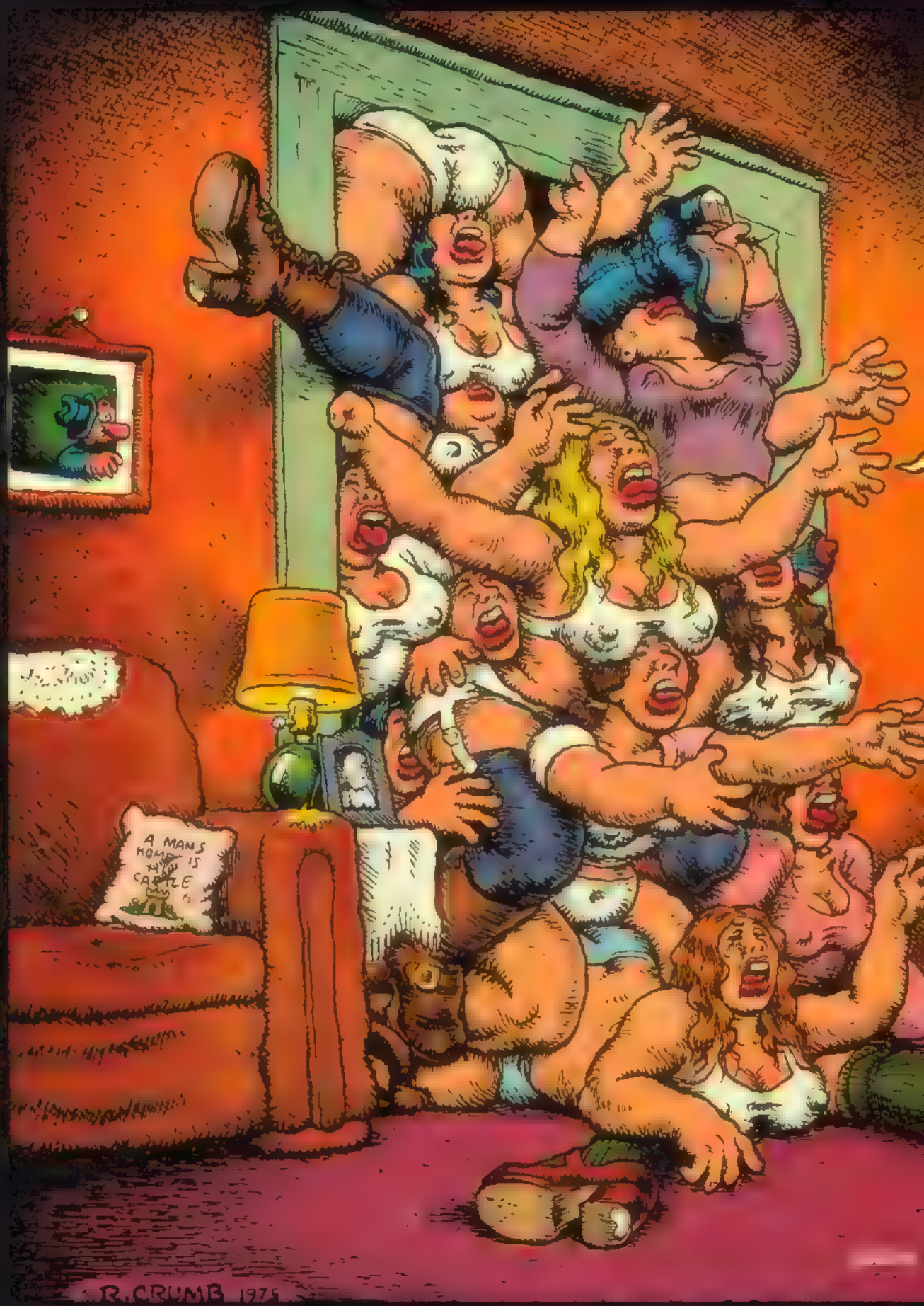
BILL
GRIFFITH



Edited
by

TON BOVARD

and
SUSAN GORDON



THE BEST OF Bijou funnies





NO. 8
75¢

DEEP PSYCHOLOGICAL INSIGHTS AND
MYSTIC REVELATIONS !!!



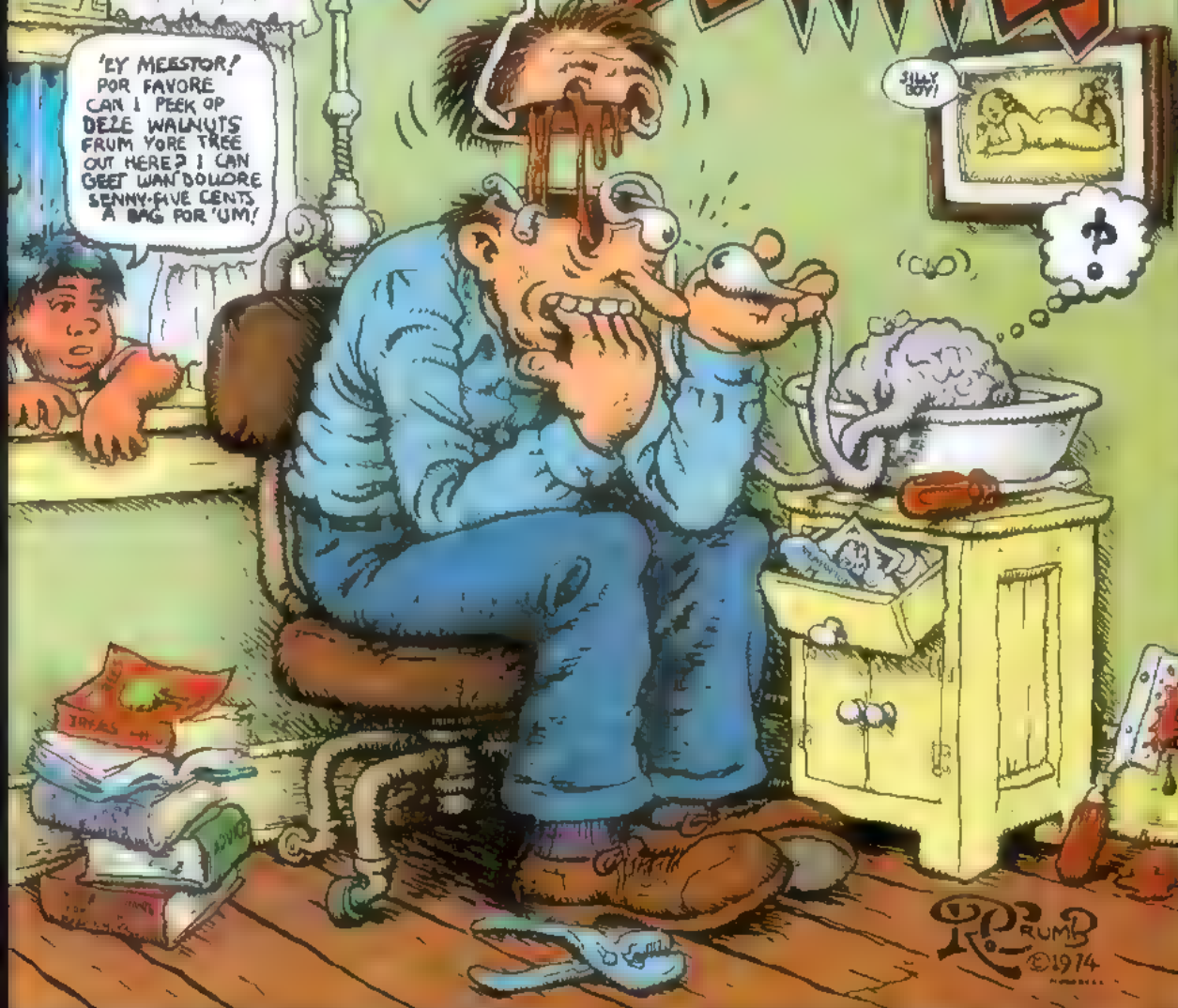
ADULTS
ONLY



LOOPY COMICS

'EY MEESTOR!
FOR FAVORE
CAN I PEEK OP
DEZE WALNUTS
FRUM YORE TREE
OUT HERE? I CAN
GEET WAN'DOORE
SENNY-FIVE CENTS
A BAG FOR 'UM!

SILLY
BOY!



R. RUMB
©1974



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HO-HO-
HO-HO

NO. 4

WINTER 1975



The Hokum Boys



"YOU
CAN'T GET
ENOUGH
OF THAT
STUFF"



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- ☐ BG 2002 GRAHAM HINE - Bottleneck Blues
- ☐ BG 2003 THESE BLUES IS MEANT TO BE BARRELHOUSED
- ☐ BG 2004 BILL WILLIAMS - Low And Lonesome
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- ☐ BG 2008 TOM SHAW - Blind Lemon's Buddy
- ☐ BG 2009 JO ANN KELLY, WITH JOHN FAHEY, WOODY MANN, JOHN MILLER, ALAN SEIDLER
- ☐ BG 2010 YANK RACHELL
- ☐ BG 2011 SHIRLEY GRIFFITH
- ☐ BG 2012 JOHN MILLER - How About Me
- ☐ BG 2013 THE LATE BILL WILLIAMS -Blues Rags, and Ballads
- ☐ BG 2014 R. CRUMB & HIS CHEAP SUIT SERENADERS
- ☐ BG-2015 ALAN SEIDLER - The Duke Of Oak
- ☐ BG-2016 SON HOUSE - The Real Delta Blues
- ☐ BG 2017 STEVE CALT & DAVE MANN - Looney Tunes
- ☐ BG 2018 ROY BOOKBINDER & 'FATS' KAPLIN
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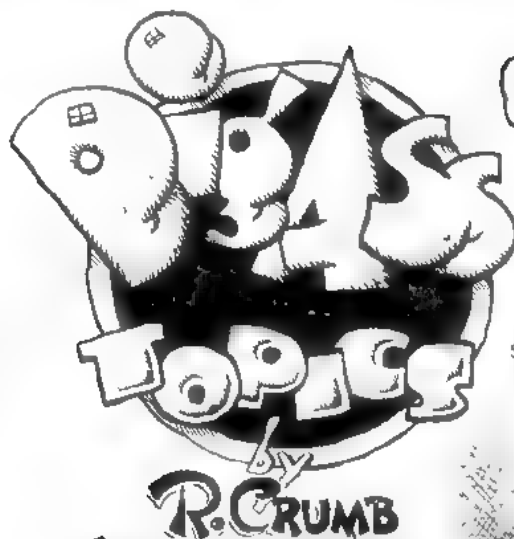
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GET TO KNOW THE BLUE GOOSE FAMILY

The Blue Goose sampler has two or more songs by each of these Blue Goose artists: Steve Calt & Dave Mann, Sam Chatmon, R. Crumb & his Cheap Suit Serenaders, Graham Hine, Roger Hubbard, Dave Jasen, Jo Ann Kelly, John Miller, Yank Rachel, and Alan Seidler. Their top material excerpted from their Blue Goose LP's, over 30 minutes per side. This is a special offer: for \$2.49 each we will send you the Blue Goose sampler (if ordered with one or more regular Blue Goose LP's).





FEATURING THAT ANATOMICAL
WONDER OF THIS OR ANY
OTHER AGE, THE FEMALE
BACKSIDE ??

Historical Fact:



A CERTAIN HEALTHY YOUNG
WOMAN OF THE 1920S PROVED
TO THE WORLD ONCE AND FOR
ALL WHAT THE FEMALE REAR-
END WAS MADE OF BY LETTING
CARS RUN OVER HERS AT A
PUBLIC EXHIBITION ??



OH MY
GOD!!

OH
DAY-
SEE!

I HATE MY ASS!!
IT'S SO BIG AND STUPID
LOOKING!! I FEEL SO EM-
BARRASSED IN PUBLIC...
AND I CAN NEVER FIND ANY
NICE CLOTHES THAT'LL COVER
IT!! WHAT A CURSE! I
WISH I COULD HAVE
AN OPERATION AND
HAVE IT CUT OFF!

WHEN I LOOK BACK
THERE I CAN'T BELIEVE
IT'S PART OF ME!

FRONT
SHELF

BACK
SHELF

THE Two Shelves

OH, HE
WORST M-
IST I'VE EV-
HE'S SUCH
BEATS ON M-
THING. OH
HE KNOWS
TO COME
THE R-

SIMPLY
SCRUMPTIOUS

LUCKY
LUCKY
LUCKY



Buddy's Bout With A Butt

HAVE AT
YOU, ASS!



THIS IS
NOT A
HAPPY
COMIC
STRIP

LET'S TALK SENSE ABOUT THIS HERE MODERN AMERICA

And I saw three unclean
spirits like frogs come out
of the mouth of the dragon,
and out of the mouth of the
beast, and out of the mouth
of the false prophet, for they
are the spirits of devils, work-
ing miracles, which go forth
unto the kings of the Earth
to gather them to the battle
of that great day of God
Almighty... And he gathered
them together into a place
called in the Hebrew tongue
ARMAGEDDON.

— Revelations 16:13-16

LOVE ME
OR LEAVE
ME!

IT GIVES ME
A HEAD-ACHE!

BY THAT CRANKY OLD
FUDDY-DODDY,

R. CRUMB

© 1975

HELP! IT'S
GONNA GET
ME!!

YOW

EEEEK!

SCARY!

AMERICA THE
CRUEL BULLY

ONE SIDE
BOOK!

NO
KILL PLEASE!

AMERICA THE
GLUTTON

ERP

AMERICA THE
GREEDY

WANE SOON
MOUNTAIN VIEW DATES
500 CONDOMINIUMS
N BEAUTIFUL
RECREATION AREA!
A BONE UNLACE
DEVELOPMENT

AMERICA THE
UGLY!

SAVE
MORE

DISCOUNT
WALLPAPER
N TEA

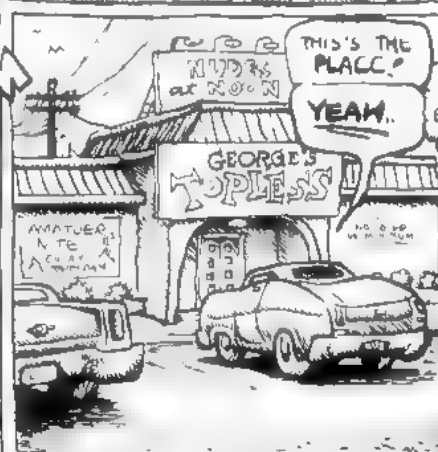
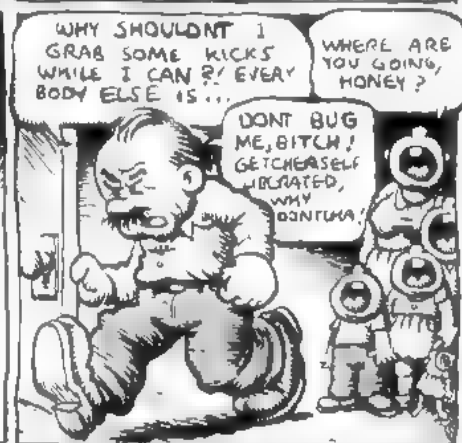
SAVE
GAS

ZIP
GAS

CHRYSLER

SPEE TIME

EXPRESS



I HATE ALL MODERN POPULAR MUSIC AND I HATE MOTORCYCLES. THAT'S RIGHT KID. I'M JUST A CRABBY OLD KILL-JOY!

CRUMB RAVES ON

...AND I'LL
TELL YOU
WHAT ELSE
I HATE
ABOUT
MODERN
AMERICA!
I HATE:

THAT CAPITALISTS & ALL
BIG BUSINESS, NATURALLY!

"BENEVOLENCE IS A
SUBJECT WHICH LIES OUT-
SIDE THE SPHERE OF
ECONOMIC
PHILOSOPHY..."

THAT'S THE
KILL

IT'S ALL
MY FAULT

LOGAN-CHANTING RADICALS
ALMOST AS MUCH..

ONLY THE CULTURAL
WORKERS' COALITION FRONT
HAS THE CORRECT IDEOLOGI-
CAL LINE ON THESE FASCIST
OPPRESSORS AND THEIR
RUNNING DOG LACKEYS!

CHE LIVES

SHOOT
THE
PIG!

SHOOT
THE
PIG!

GLAD-HANDERS OF ANY
KIND!

HEY YOU'RE
BEAUTIFUL!
THAT'S WHY
I KNOW THAT
YOU CAN SEE
I'M GREAT!

KNIFE
READY
FOR
YOUR
BACK

THE 'YOUTH CULTURE' AND
ALMOST ALL TEEN-AGERS

THEY'RE LAUGHING
AT ME AGAIN. GOD-
DAMN LITTLE HEAD
FOLLOWERS!!

SHUT UP
TEE-HEE
GIGGLE

"FASHIONABLE" WOMEN, ALSO
FAG HAGS & FAGS..

FATHER IN
DUPE

I HOPE
I'M UP
TO THE
MINUTE

ALL THOSE
BEAUTIFUL
PEOPLE
HATE 'EM

PLASTIC SIGNS

NOT
CLUB

CLUB
INTIMO

IT'S TOO
PLASTIC
MAN!

SHOW BIZ PERSONALITIES
& MASS MEDIA IN GENERAL

MISTA BO-O-O O
JANGLES

URBAN SOPHISTICATES

SO THEN I TOLD
K.M. THAT WAS
OBVIOUSLY A META-
PHYSICAL INVENDO

HA HA
HA HA

HA HA HA
HOW
GAUCHE!

JET PLANES & OTHER
FLYING CONTRACTIONS

ROGER

@*!!!

FREEWAYS, TURNPIKES,
THRUWAYS, SKYWAYS, ETC.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE
& REAL ESTATE DEVELOPMENT

COWBOYS,
REONECKS
AND OTHER
WHITE TRASH,
THEIR WIVES &
KIDS..

NIGGERS AND
MOST BACK-TYPE
COONS..

WUTDISHTA TUK!

SHEEMUV
FVHT

BUSHY JEWS

LEMMIE
HANDLE
THAT
BUBBLE

ARROGANT
TALMANS

SHITTY
WASPS
DUM DUM
DUM DUM
ALL OTHER
LOUSE JUNK

I COULD GO ON AND ON, BUT
WHY BOTHER? WHAT DO I LIKE
ABOUT MODERN AMERICA, YOU
MAY ASK? WELL, THE ANSWER
IS:

NOT MUCH!

OW MEANY!

DROP
DEAD
CREEP!

GO LIVE
IN RUSSIA!

WUSS

AND WHAT WOULD I DO TO MAKE
AMERICA A BETTER PLACE, YOU
MIGHT ASK? WELL, FIRST I'D
BRING BACK STREETCARS

OWING
DING

DISMANTLE ALL ATOMIC POWER
PLANTS AND IMMEDIATELY STOP
PRODUCTION OF PLUTONIUM!

MAN WAS NEVER MEANT TO FOOL
AROUND WITH SUCH DANGEROUS
AND DEADLY ELEMENTS!

SOME THINGS I'D MAKE JUST LIKE RED CHINA... I'D TAKE ALL THE JET-SETTERS, STOCK BROKERS, FASHION DESIGNERS, INTERIOR DECORATORS, FASHION MODELS, PUBLIC RELATIONS EXECUTIVES, BOARD CHAIRMEN, AND THEIR WIVES, ALL OF THOSE HIGH SOCIETY PEOPLE... I'D TAKE 'EM OUT AND MAKE 'EM WORK IN THE FIELDS HOEING BETWEEN THE ROWS FOR A FEW SUMMERS... THEN THEY'D KNOW WHAT LIFE IS REALLY ABOUT!



I'D BRING BACK CRAFTSMANSHIP SO PEOPLE COULD GET A FEELING OF PRIDE FROM THEIR WORK! NO MORE ASSEMBLY LINES! BETTER QUALITY GOODS, AND LESS QUANTITY! THINGS WOULD LAST LONGER!

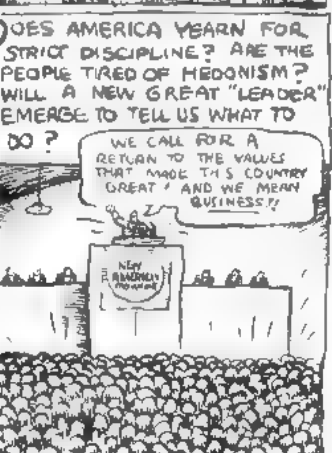
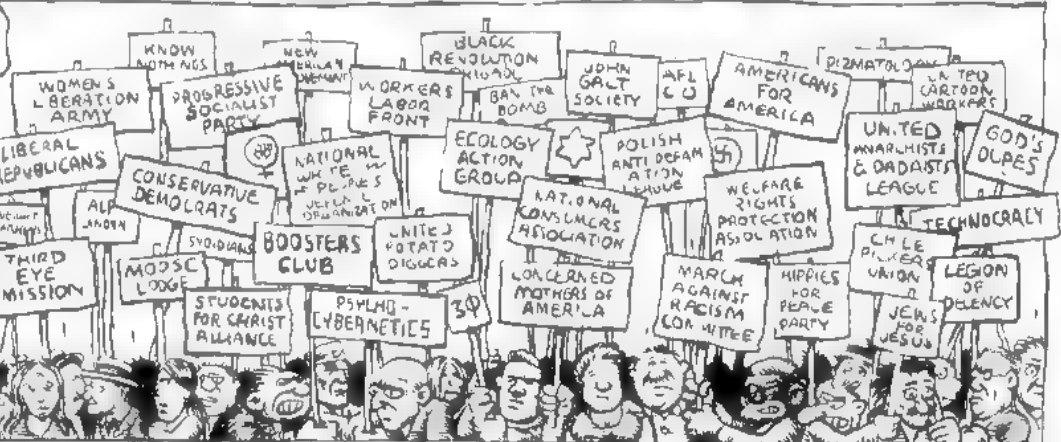
I'D HAVE ALL THE GIANT CORPORATIONS AND CARTELS BROKEN UP... I'D PUT A STOP TO THE DEFENSE INDUSTRY AND I'D NATIONALIZE OIL, AND... HMM... I WONDER IF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARE READY FOR SOCIALISM???

HOW ABOUT THE AGED? WHAT COULD I DO FOR THEM? AND THE MEDICAL PROFESSION NEEDS DRASTIC REFORM. HOW 'BOUT TAX CUTS FOR THE SMALL BUSINESSMAN...? HMM... THIS IS GETTING COMPLICATED...

WHAT AM I GETTIN' MYSELF INTO HERE? TRYIN' TO SOLVE THE PROBLEMS OF MODERN AMERICA!!



I'M OVER MY HEAD... IT'S TOO DEEP FOR ME, WHAT THE HELL DO I KNOW!? I'M AS CONFUSED AS THE NEXT GUY...





WHO KILLED LENNY BRUCE?

by
Paul Krassner

©1975

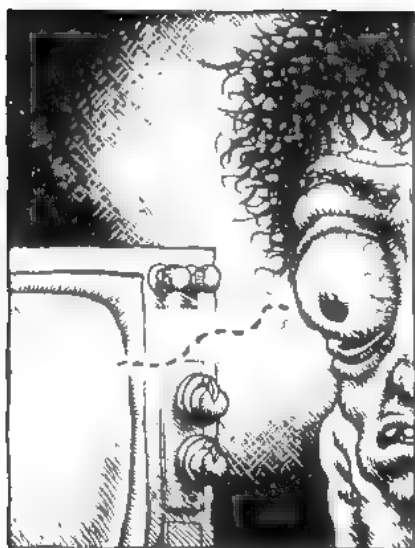
Paul Kráßner

©1975

...so then the Chinese waiter said "Oh, well, you better off!"

**Illustrated by
R. Crumb**

©1975

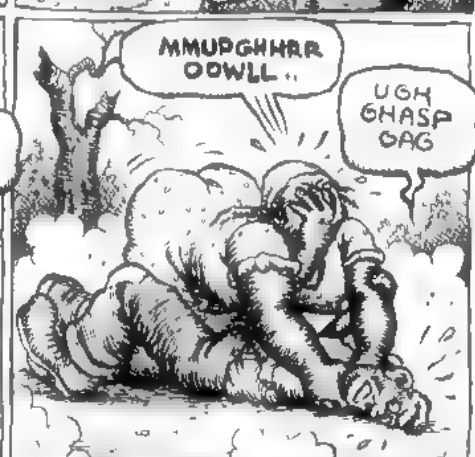


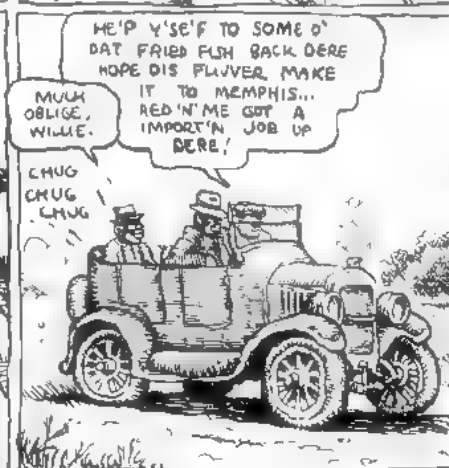
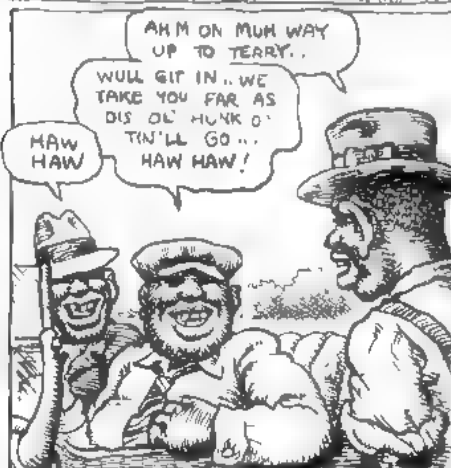
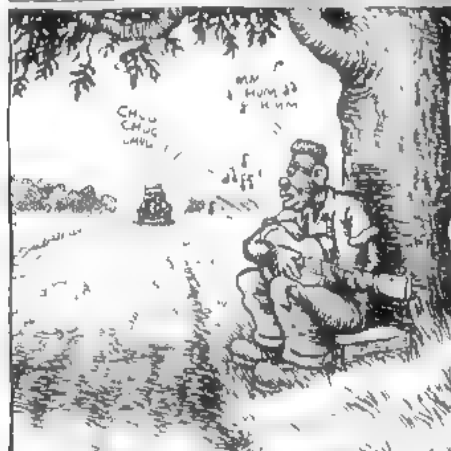
THAT'S LIFE

HOT SUMMER DAY IN THE 'COLORED' SECTION OF CRYSTAL SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI IN THE YEAR 1931...

by

R. CRUMB ©1975







HOW MUCH YOU GOTTA PAY DESE PEOPLE TO MAKE DIS REKKID?

NO, TOMMY, MAN... DA PEOPLE PAYS YOU! OL' MAN HARTLEY TELL US DE MAN GIVE US TWENNY-FI' DOLLIZ FO' EVVY TUNE DAT YOU MAKE ON A REKKID...



TWENNY FI' DOLLAH!! MAN, DAT'S PLNTY GOOD FO' ONE LI'L TUNE!

YOU GODDAMN RAHT DAS GOOD.. AN DEN IF YOU GET A HIT DEY GIT YOU BACK AN' MAKE A WHOLE SLEW O' MO' REKKUDS AN' YOU GITS BIGGER PAYMINTS.. FIFTY DOLLIZ A REKKID OR MEbbe EVEN A HUNNID!!



DEN YOU GITS FAMOUS VUS LAK OL' BLIND LEMON AN' PAPA CHARLIE JACKSON AN' ALL DE BLACK FOLKS IN DIS WHOLE WIDE WORL' KNOWS 'BOUT YOU!!

NEX' THING YOU KNOW YOU'S RIDIN' 'ROUND IN LIMMAZINES WIT' YOU OWN SHO'PEAR... YOU WEARIN' SICK SHOITS AN' PAT'N LEATHA SHOES!



NO MO' WALKIN BEHND DAT PLOW STARIN' AT DAT MULE'S ASS! HEE HEE!!

JES THINK OF ALL DEM BROWNS AN' YALLAS BU AFTA YOU DEN.. MAN... HOPE AH MAKES A HIT REKKID!



HEY WILLIE! YOU THINK DAT REKKID OUTFIT MIGHT COULD USE OL' TOMMY HERE?

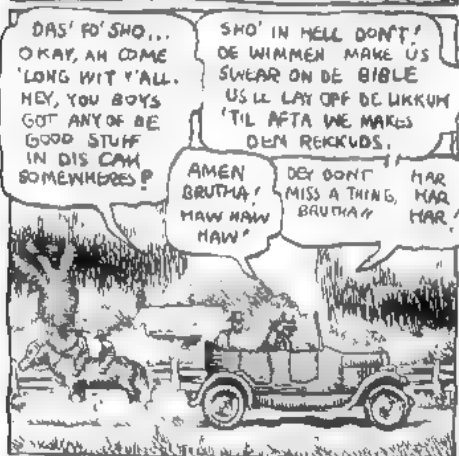
MEbbe SO.. AH DUNNO. HE PLAY DAT MEAN DIRTY LOW-DOWN TYPE O' MUSIC, 'BUT HE DO GIT HOT ON DE GITTAR..



AW, DEY DON WAN NO OL BACKWOODS COUNTRY NIGGUH ON NO REKKID.. HAW HAW..

TOMMY, HEY MAN, US AIN' NO LESS COUNTRY BOYS DAN YOU IS. DEY GONNA GIVE US DE CHANCT YOU CUME ON WIT US, JES FO' DE RIDE. MEbbe DE PEOPUL LAK YOU TYPE O' PLAYIN', MEbbe DEY DONT YOU GOT NUTTIN TO LOSE

DAS RIGHT!



DAS' FO' SHO... OKAY, AH COME 'LONG WIT Y'ALL. HEY, YOU BOYS GOT ANY OF DE GOOD STUFF IN DIS CAM SOMENHORES?

SHO' IN HELL DONT! DE WHIMMEN MAKE US SWEAR ON DE BIBLE US LL LAY OFF DE UKKUM 'TIL AFTA WE MAKES DEM REKKUDS.

AMEN BRUTHA! HAW HAW HAW

DEY DONT MISS A THING, BRUTHA!!

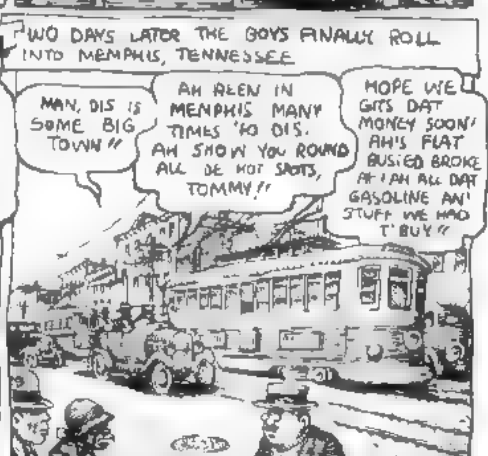
HAR HAR HAR!



LOOKIT... HERE'S A SAHM SAYIN 'MEMPHIS TWO HUNNID AN' TWENNY MAHL).

MAN, WE GOT A LONG WAY TO GO!!

AM! GLAD YOU KIN READ DEM SAHMS, WILLIE.. ELSE WE'JD NEVER FIND DAT REKKID MAN!!



TWO DAYS LATER THE BOYS FINALLY ROLL INTO MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

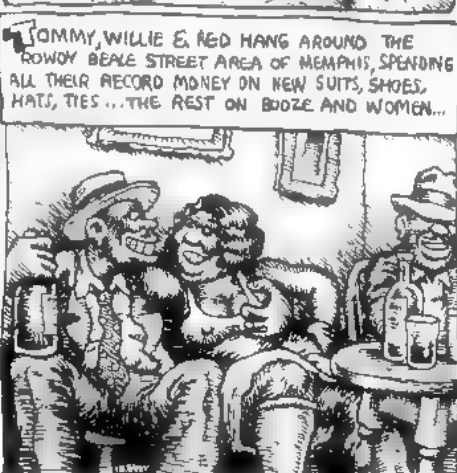
MAN, DIS IS SOME BIG TOWN!!

AH BEEN IN MEMPHIS MANY TIMES 'FO DIS. AH SHOW YOU ROUND ALL DE HOT SPOTS, TOMMY!!

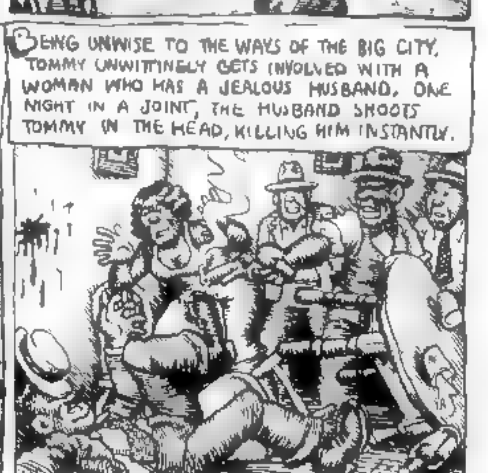
HOPE WE GITS DAT MONEY SOON! AH'S FLAT BUSIED BROKE AF I AM ALL DAT GASOLINE AN' STUFF WE HAD T'BUY!!



NEXT DAY TOMMY GETS TO CUT FOUR TITLES AT A MAKE-SHIFT FIELD RECORDING STUDIO IN A MEMPHIS HOTEL ROOM..



TOMMY, WILLIE E. RED HANG AROUND THE ROWDY BEALE STREET AREA OF MEMPHIS, SPENDING ALL THEIR RECORD MONEY ON NEW SUITS, SHOES, HATS, TIES...THE REST ON BOOZE AND WOMEN...



BEING UNWISE TO THE WAYS OF THE BIG CITY, TOMMY UNWITTINGLY GETS INVOLVED WITH A WOMAN WHO HAS A JEALOUS HUSBAND. ONE NIGHT IN A JOINT, THE HUSBAND SHOOTS TOMMY IN THE HEAD, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY.

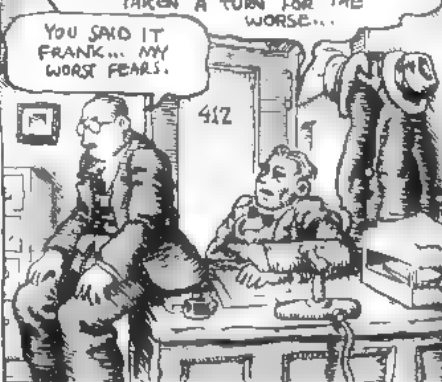
SIX MONTHS LATER, IN THE WINTER OF 1931-32, IN AN OFFICE OF THE 'NOBLE' RECORD COMPANY NEW YORK CITY...



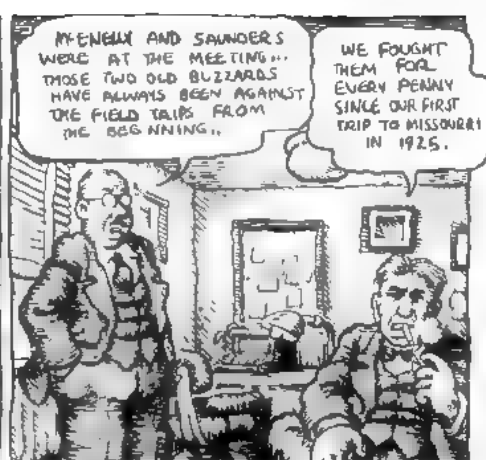
WHEW.

HOW'D THE MEETING GO, ED?

FROM THE HANG-DOG EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE, I'D SAY THINGS HAVE TAKEN A TURN FOR THE WORSE...

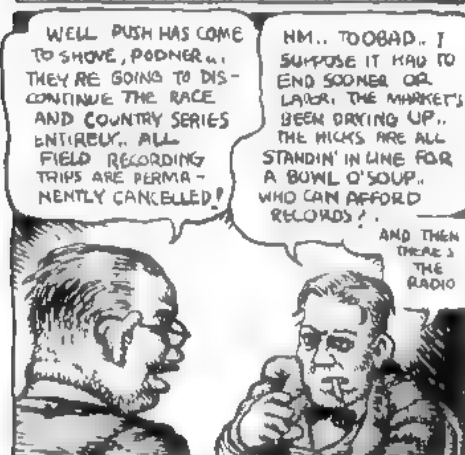


YOU SAID IT FRANK... MY WORST FEARS.



MCNEIL AND SAUNDERS WERE AT THE MEETING... THOSE TWO OLD BUZZARDS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AGAINST THE FIELD TRIPS FROM THE BEGINNING.

WE FOUGHT THEM FOR EVERY PENNY SINCE OUR FIRST TRIP TO MISSOURI IN 1925.



WE'LL PUSH HAS COME TO SHOVE, PODNER... THEY'RE GOING TO DISCONTINUE THE RACE AND COUNTRY SERIES ENTIRELY... ALL FIELD RECORDING TRIPS ARE PERMANENTLY CANCELLED!

HM... TOOBAD.. I SUPPOSE IT HAD TO END SOONER OR LATER. THE MARKET'S BEEN DRYING UP.. THE MICKS ARE ALL STANDIN' IN LINE FOR A BOWL O'SOUP.. WHO CAN AFFORD RECORDS?..

AND THEN THERE'S THE RADIO



YEAH, TH' WHOLE INDUSTRY'S IN THE WORST SHAPE IT'S EVER BEEN... NOBLE MIGHT NOT EVEN LAST THE YEAR...

AMERICAN RECORD CORPORATION IS PICKIN' UP ALL THE INDEPENDENT SMALL LABELS FOR A SONG. WE'RE PROBABLY NEXT...



LET'S TAKE CARE OF THIS BUSINESS.. THE BIG BOYS WANT US TO LUT OUT ALL BUT THE BIGGEST NAME ARTISTS FROM THE CATALOGUE, AND JELLY WHO MIGHT STILL HAVE ENOUGH COMMERCIAL VALUE FOR FUTURE RECORDING DATES

AND I'M SURE THEY WANT TO SEE A VERY SHORT LIST OF NAMES.

'FRID SO PAL!



OKAY, LET'S LOOK AT THE SALES FIGURES.. CHARLIE HALL... 300 ON NOBLE 1761 230 ON 1780.

HE'S OUT..

TSK.. A PITY I THOUGHT HE WAS HOT. NEXT IS LITTLE JOE JENKINS 650 ON 1624. 580 ON NOBLE 1605

HMM LOOKS LIKE HE'S OUT TOO BOY, SALES ARE REALLY DOWN FROM LAST YEAR...



WELL, NOBODY'S DOING GREAT.. I THINK WE CAN SAVE TIME BY FIRST ELIMINATING THE TOTAL LOSERS.. LET'S SEE.. HMM.. MUMM... OKAY.. TOMMY GRACY. HE'S GOT ONE COUPON ON 1599.. SALES: SIXTEEN COPIES!

SIXTEEN! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE. HA WHEW.

MY SLAP IT LIES. O DAMN Y.



THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID UPSTAIRS.. THEY CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES ON THESE UNKNOWNNS FROM THE WOODS ANYMORE.. FROM NOW ON THE POLICY IS 'TRIED AND TRUE ONLY..

TIMES ARE TOUGH. ALOT OF GOOD TALENT IS GONNA GO DOWN THE DRAIN OUT THERE!

NOTHIN WE CAN DO WE MIGHT BE JOININ' 'EM ANY DAY NOW!

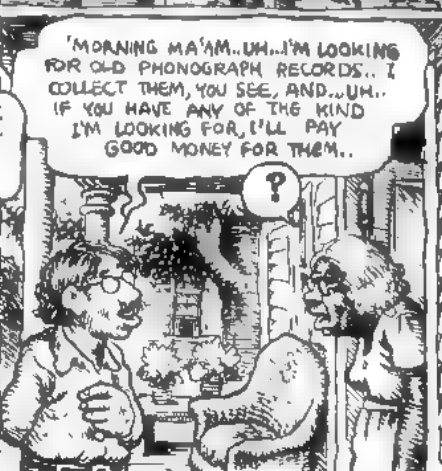
YEAH.. HA MA HA.



SUMMER, 1915 AN OBSCURE RECORD COLLECTOR IS CANNASSING SMALL SOUTHERN TOWNS IN HOPES OF FINDING THE GOOD STUFF..

GEE, THIS TRIP HAS BEEN A WASH OUT SO FAR.. ALL THE OL' TIMERS ARE DYIN' OFF..

HMM. THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT YELD SOMETHING... WELL KEPT OLD HOUSE, LACE CURTAINS, FLOWER BEDS...



'MORNING MA'AM..UH..I'M LOOKING FOR OLD PHONOGRAPH RECORDS.. I COLLECT THEM, YOU SEE, AND..UH.. IF YOU HAVE ANY OF THE KIND I'M LOOKING FOR, I'LL PAY GOOD MONEY FOR THEM..

?

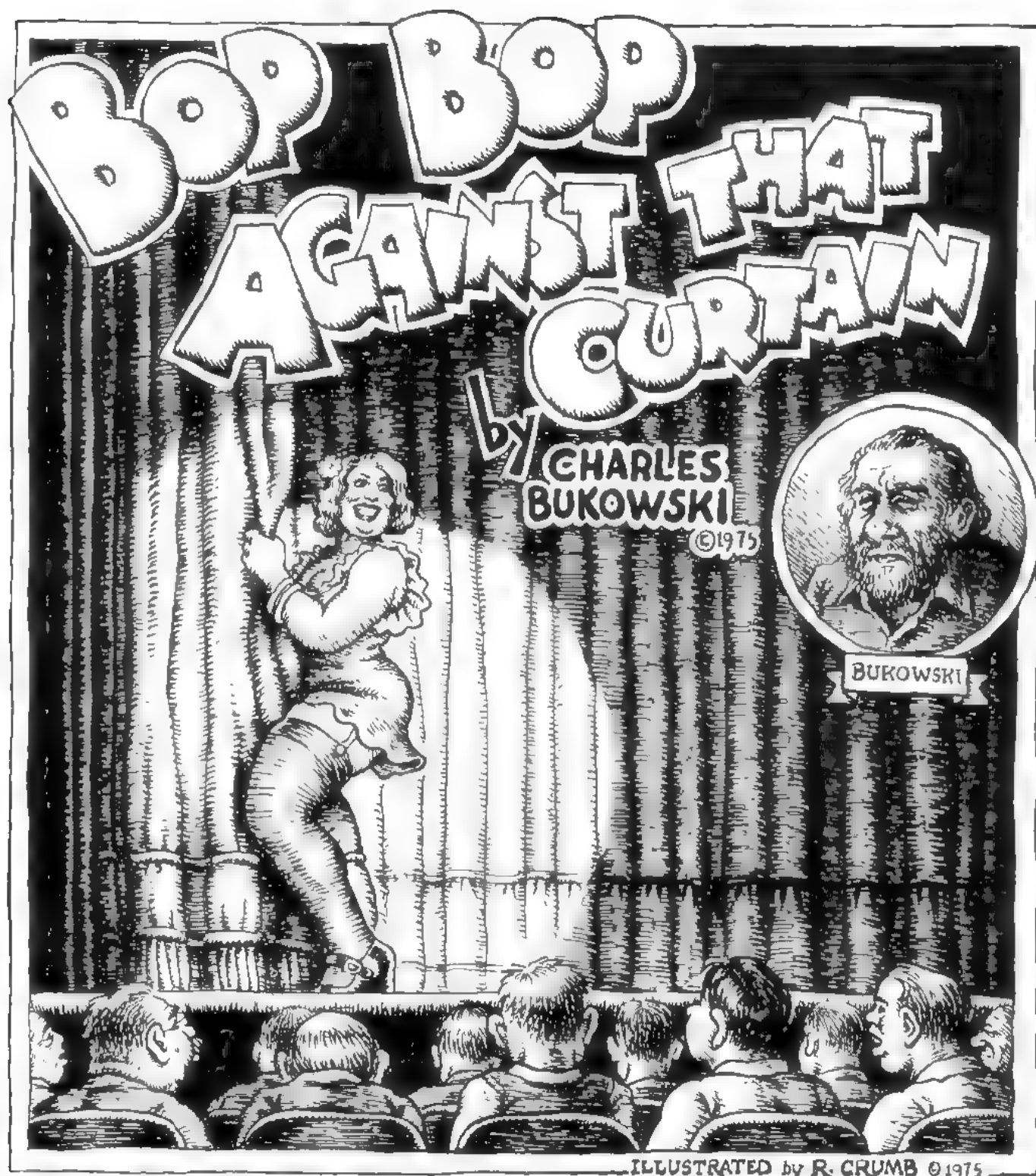


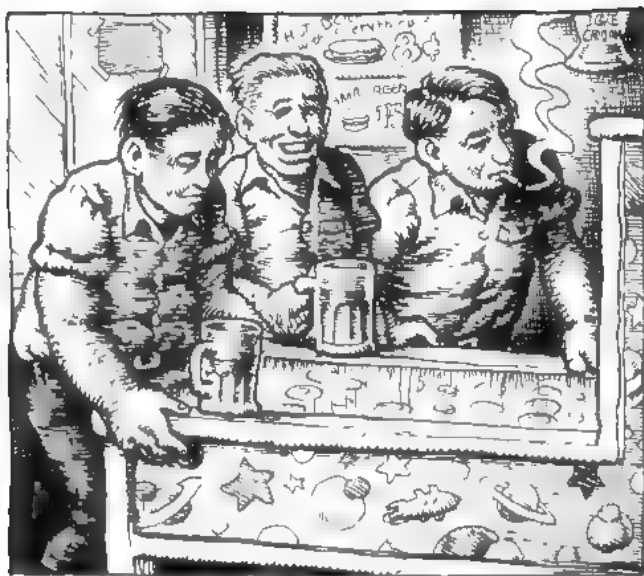
YOU LOOKIN' FO' WHAT, SUN? OL' REKKIDS? HOW OLD YOU MEAN?

I'M AFTER THE REAL OLD STUFF.. OL' TIME BLUES, JUG BANDS.. THAT KIND OF THING.. HEH HEH..

OH. UH.. AM SEE. YOU LAK DAT OL' BLUES... OH YES... NOW AM UMMASTAN'.







When you made a perfect score you got a free game.



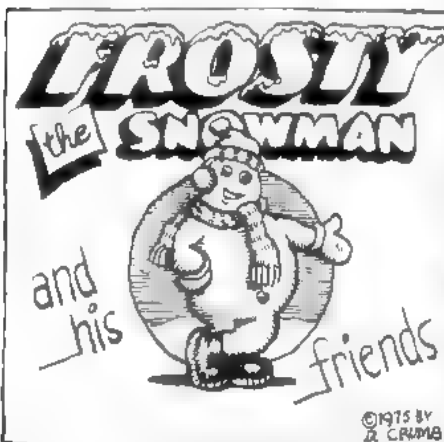
I fought him... from 8:30 in the morning until after sundown.

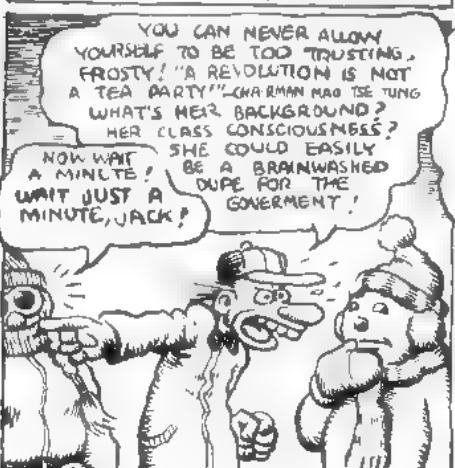
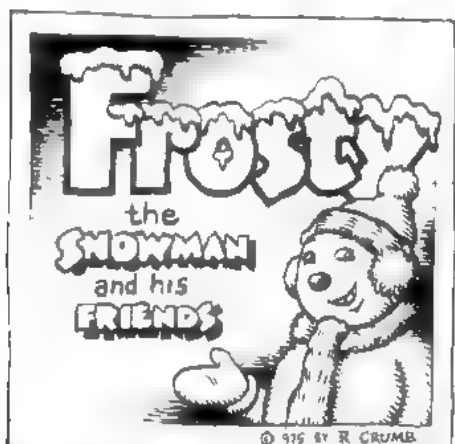
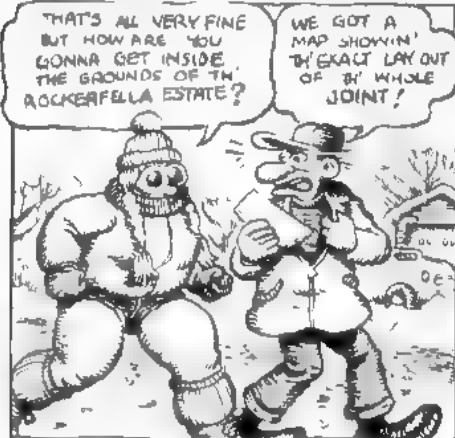
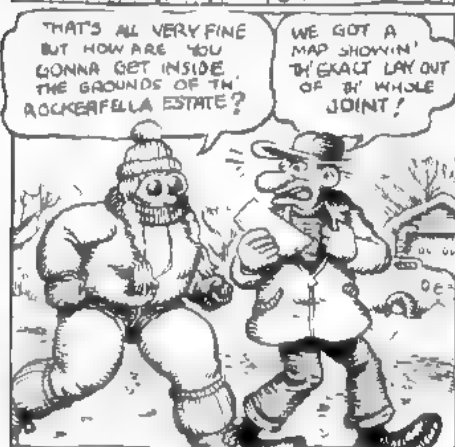


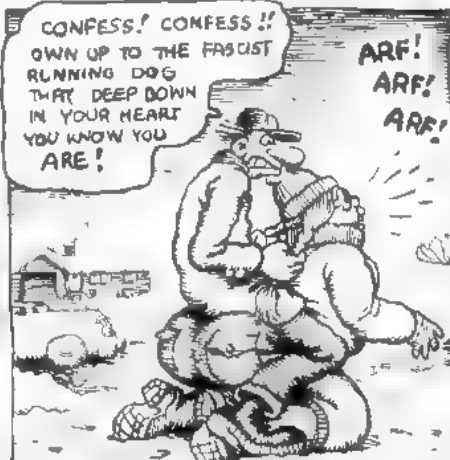
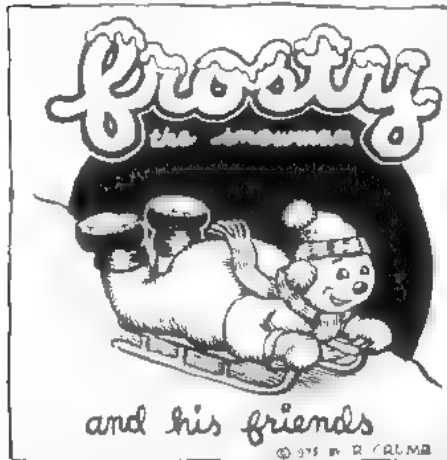
He'd turn to the audience and say "Well, I'll be god-damned!"

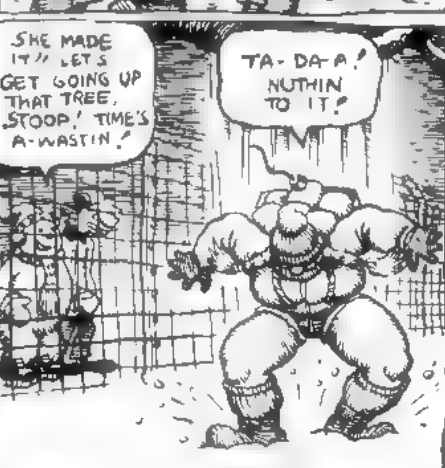
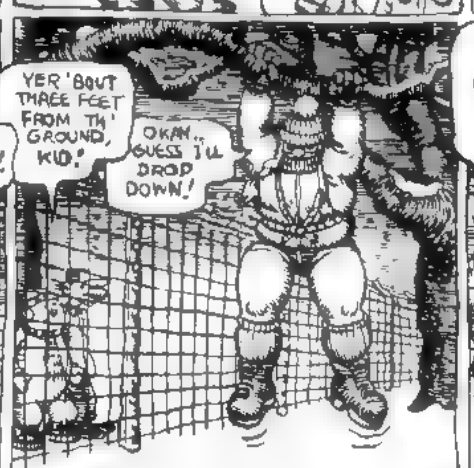
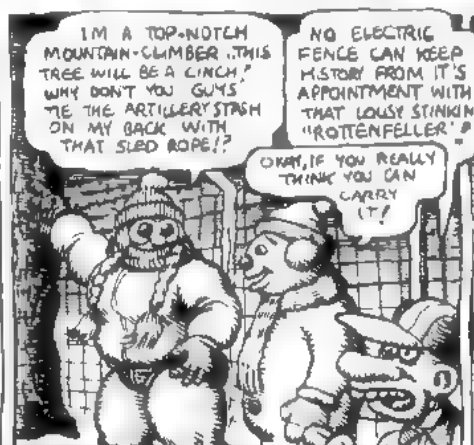
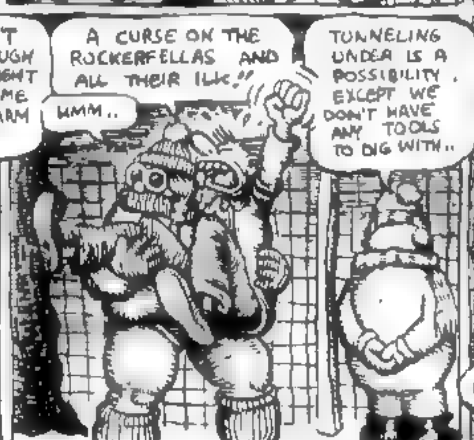


Rosalie had a large ass.

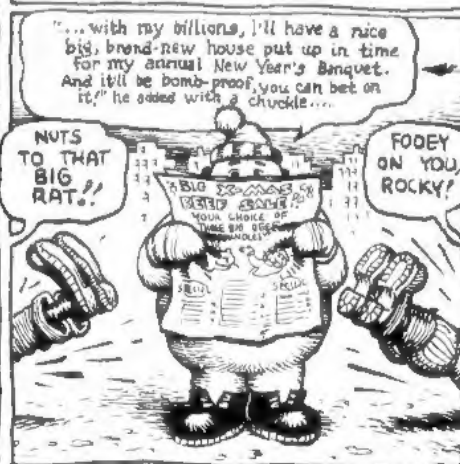
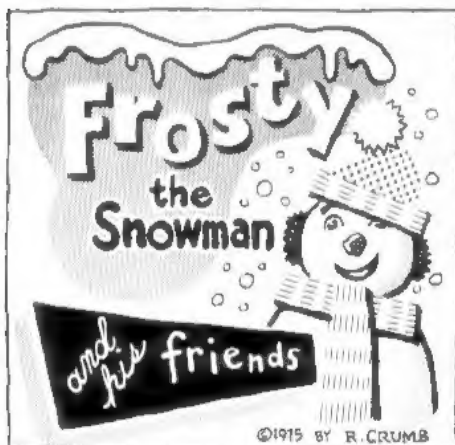
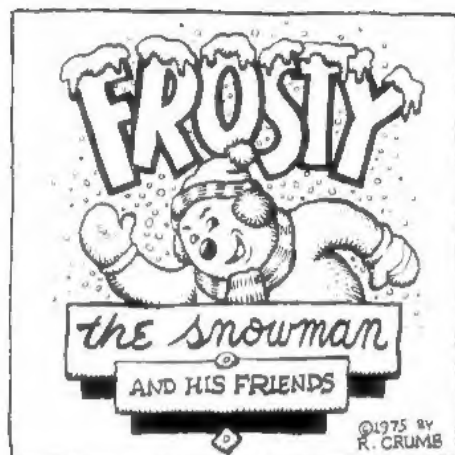














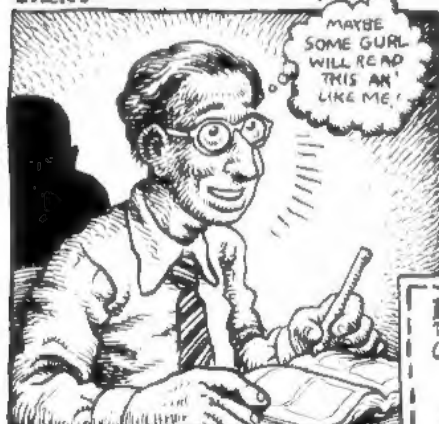
Above: self-portraits for the contents pages of Arcade #1-4
Left: self-portrait for *Slow Death Anthology*

THE YUM-YUM BOOK

OR

OGGIE and the BEANSTALK

Then:



R. CRUMB IN 1963, THE VIRGIN CARTOONIST AT AGE NINETEEN, INTENSE, IDEALISTIC, TOTALLY ROMANTIC, PAINFULLY SHY...

©Dana Crumb Associates 1975

DRAWN IN 1963 by

- R. CRUMB -

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Previous volumes in this series:

***The Complete Crumb Comics, Vol. 1:
"The Early Years of Bitter Struggle"***
(1958-1962, rare Crumb juvenalia)

***The Complete Crumb Comics, Vol. 2:
"Some More Early Years
of Bitter Struggle"***
(1962-1964, early professional and sketchbook work)

***The Complete Crumb Comics, Vol. 3:
"Starring Fritz the Cat"***
(1964-1966, includes work for Help! and Topps Bubblegum)

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(1966-1967, Zap Comix and The Sad Book)

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(1967-1969, Zap, East Village Other, Motor City)

***The Complete Crumb Comics, Vol. 6:
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(1969-1970, Motor City, Big Ass, Despair)

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(1970-1971, Uneda, Mr. Natural, Hytone)

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Other R. Crumb works available:

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"It's been privately speculated that the 'Frosty' strip was at least partly responsible for the R. Crumb vs. the I.R.S. debacle. No real 'proof,' of course, and yet more than mere paranoia prompts such speculation. I mean, think about it: Pop 'advocates' violence against established American plutocrats, and within a year is embroiled in a vicious fight with a group of unreasonable and unwavering bureaucrats. According to the old man, at one point early in the game, he showed up to talk to some 'agents' and was confronted with a file three inches thick. They knew EVERYTHING! Pop tried to squeak out a little protest and they fuckin' squashed him, fast."

JESSE CRUMB
from his introduction to this volume

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